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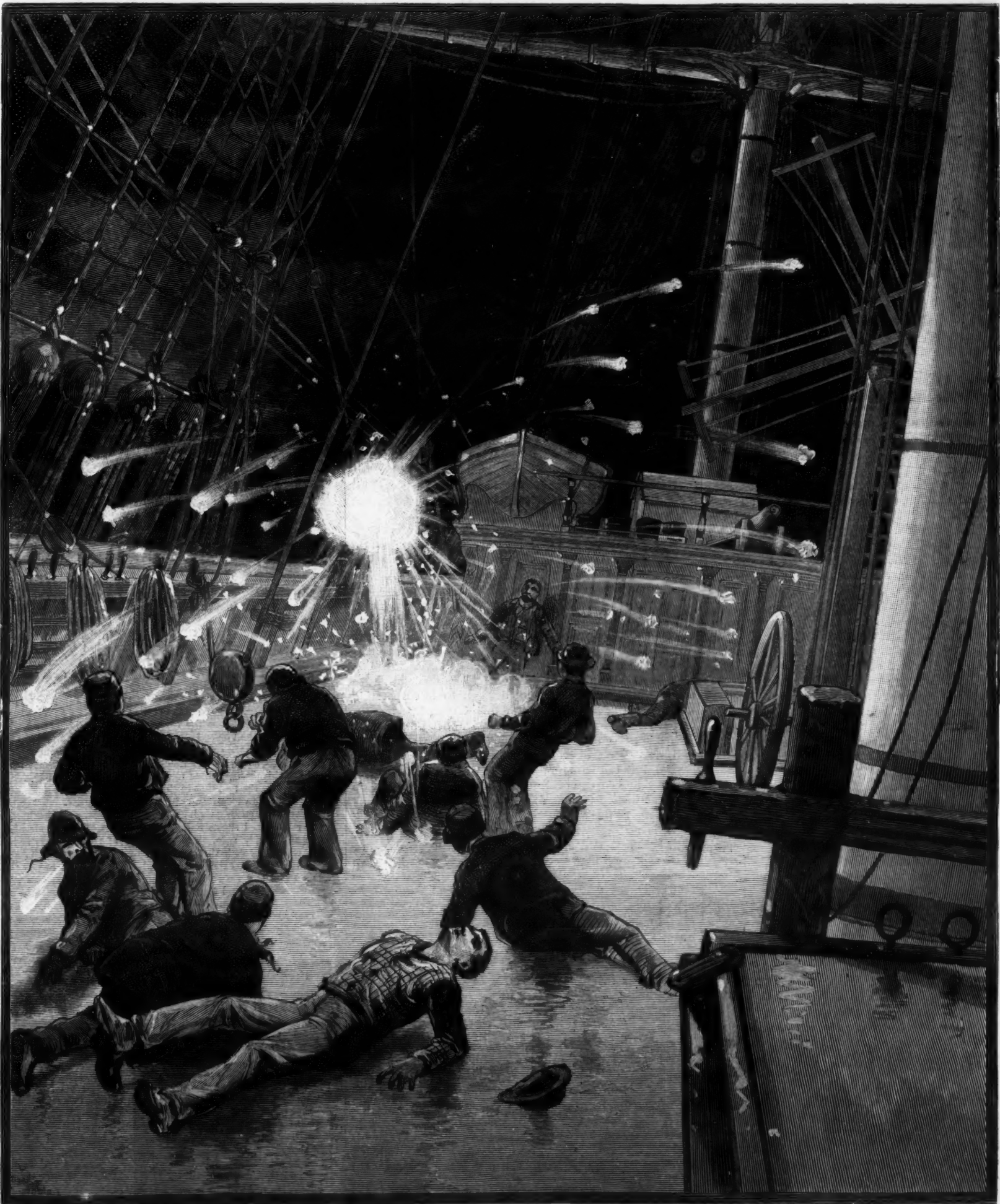
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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CURIOUS ELECTRICAL PHENOMENON AT SEA—THE SWEDISH BARK "EDVARD" BOMBARDED BY A STORM OF ELECTRIC BALLS.
SEE PAGE 366.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 8, 1888.

THE PRESIDENTIAL TERM.

IN the wide discussion concerning the term of the Executive and his re-eligibility, we are apt to forget how near we came to the avoidance of such discussion by the adoption of the Constitution in the form to which it is now proposed to change it.

Mr. Pinckney and Mr. Randolph presented plans for the Constitution at the opening of the Convention. Both left blanks for the term of the President. Pinckney's provided that he should be re-eligible, and Randolph's that he should not. On the first discussion, Pinckney and Mason expressed themselves in favor of a term of seven years, and this was carried, five States voting for it and four against it, Massachusetts being divided. The provision for ineligibility was also carried. Hamilton, true to his conservative views, desired the term to be during good behavior. The subject was afterwards reconsidered, and six years was substituted for seven. The ineligibility clause was disagreed to and then reinstated, and again seven was substituted for six. In all the discussion the term of four years was not mentioned. The subject was sent to the Committee of Detail after the Convention had been in session two months and full discussion had taken place, resulting in the provision for a term of seven years and the clause of ineligibility for a second term. That committee reported it back to the Convention without change. The exact words were, "He shall hold his office during the term of seven years, but shall not be elected a second time."

There is no record of any debate on this point after the report of the Committee on Detail, which consisted of Messrs. Rutledge, Randolph, Gorham, Ellsworth and Wilson, chosen by ballot. In this condition the matter was referred to the Committee of One from each State, to consider and report on the unfinished parts of the Constitution. This Committee was appointed, August 31st, and reported September 4th. During these four days they made the change which awakens so much discussion after the lapse of a century. They substituted four for seven, and omitted the words, "but shall not be elected a second time." During the debate which followed motions were made to extend the term to "seven" and "six" years, but were rejected, and in this form it was sent to the Committee on Style and Revision, and finally adopted in the completed instrument two weeks afterwards. This matter of the length of term and re-eligibility does not seem to have been the subject of much controversy. There was much more anxiety as to the method of election. It is probable that all who shared Hamilton's views desired the omission of the clause forbidding a second election, and expected that in the practical working of the Government the Executive would in effect be continued during good behavior.

In this, as in many other points, the political machinery they constructed failed to work according to their design. They could not calculate the moral forces by which it was to be operated, nor foresee the vast changes in material conditions which were to take place. In fact, the machinery was found to need readjustment within a few years, in consequence of the effort to force Aaron Burr into the Presidency over Jefferson after the election of 1800. The Twelfth Amendment, adopted in 1804, changed the method of election, but not the term.

It is for us to consider now, with a century of experience as to the play of those forces and the nature of the changed conditions, whether the first deliberate conclusion of the Convention was not the wisest, and its afterthought a mistake. Second thoughts are not always the best, with individuals or with deliberative bodies.

The recent discussion seems to show a wide consensus of opinion that six years is the best period, and that a President should not hold two consecutive terms. This may fairly be said to be the result of our century of experience. The reasons urged are various. One of the most obvious and satisfactory is that, in an office of such vast importance and power as that of the President of the United States has become, experience in its duties is of great consequence, and four years is so short a term, that just as the experience of the incumbent has become valuable to the country his time is half gone. He must then scheme and strive for a new term, or his matured skill must be lost and a fresh hand must take the helm. We choose our judges for life or for long terms, and our Senators for six years. There is no good reason why the most important function of all should be perpetually committed to inexperienced hands.

The only remedy for this evil is to re-elect the President, and this has so many disadvantages, as revealed by practical results, that we are likely to find the remedy worse than the disease. We shall never reach a true and permanent reform in the Civil Service so long as the dispenser of our vast body of official patronage is tempted to use it to secure his own re-election.

Moreover, it seems to be an inevitable consequence of a Presidential election, however inexplicable it may be to political economists, that the whole business of the year

shall be disturbed. The present year is certainly no exception. Now, this is an evil which will increase in the future with the growing volume of our business. It is folly to persist in introducing such a disturbing element into our affairs, if it can be avoided. We are wise enough not to change the heads of our great financial and commercial enterprises, or the judges of our courts, every four years. This Government is to be the greatest financial and administrative enterprise in the civilized world during the next century, and we should take care that the men we select to superintend it are not discharged just when they have become competent to manage it.

The first sober judgment of the framers of our Constitution, that seven years is the right length of the President's term and that he ought not to be elected a second time, was about right.

A LAW-ABIDING PEOPLE.

NO feature of our institutions is more striking to the foreign observer than the readiness with which the defeated party in an election accepts the verdict of the people against it. Until the ballot-boxes are closed everybody in each party does his utmost to secure the triumph of his cause; he insists that the triumph of the principles it represents is essential to the prosperity of the nation; he talks and acts as though he could not possibly acquiesce in the success of the opposition. It is small wonder that the European visitor, who notes the earnestness, and even the virulence, with which heated partisans on both sides close an exciting campaign, should look forward with apprehension to the day when the result will be known, and it will appear that one of these sets of disputants has been beaten by the other. After hearing the stump speakers and organs of each party declare that the success of its opponents would ruin the country, he not unnaturally concludes that neither side will yield to an adverse decision of the popular jury.

But the day after election always works a transformation such as no foreigner would have believed to be possible. One party has triumphed, and half the people in the country have been disappointed in the result; but everybody accepts the decision without question. The very man who, on the day before election, vehemently asserted that the future of the nation would be endangered if his side should not win, admits on the day after election that he has been beaten, and cheerfully confesses that, after all, his neighbors and friends and the men like them, who constitute the successful party, will do the best they can to promote the country's interests.

This characteristic becomes all the more noteworthy when the result of an election is decided by a narrow margin. It is much easier to accept defeat when one's party has been beaten by a majority of 50,000 than when the opposition carry the State by less than 500 votes. Yet everybody in Connecticut accepted the Cleveland plurality of less than 400 as being as decisive for that State as the plurality of over 80,000 for Harrison in Kansas. If the election of President had hinged upon Connecticut, that narrow plurality would have sufficed to give Mr. Cleveland a second term, as the almost equally narrow margin of 1,047 votes in over 1,000,000 in New York State four years ago gave him a first term.

Another phase of this law-abiding spirit is illustrated in the peaceful manner in which a number of Iowa farmers recently accepted eviction. It appears that for nearly a generation men have been settling and rearing homes upon certain lands along the Des Moines River, to which they supposed they had a good title; but the courts have decided that the land really belongs to a corporation under some ancient grant, and this corporation has asserted its power by turning these families out of their homes on the very edge of Winter. The performance appears to have been as heartless as could well be imagined, but the sufferers accepted their cruel fate without any hostile demonstrations, trusting to the State's sense of justice to make matters right.

So long as this spirit continues to animate our people, there is no ground for serious apprehension of trouble with socialists and anarchists. The authorities of our cities will doubtless need to be on their guard against these restless elements, but the heart of the country still remains sound. It is a significant and hopeful feature of the Iowa incident that many of the evicted farmers are Germans, Norwegians, or foreigners of other races, who have mastered the great lesson that this is a government of law. So long as our institutions thus fully assimilate new-comers and make them law-abiding citizens, our future is safe.

CAN THRIFT BE TAUGHT?

LESS book and more hand training and more knowledge of how to get a living, is the maxim that is growing in popularity among educators. In fifty public schools in different States, savings-bank branches have been opened, their object being to teach even the poorest children how to save—the first principles of economy founded on self-denial. In some of the schools of Long Island City these savings banks were introduced three years ago, and have been a marked success. On one day in each week the teacher receives the voluntary savings of the scholars from one cent upwards, depositing the money of each in a bank and obtaining a card for it.

The result has been a regular fever of thrift. Here is a recent report, the first column representing the collections for the last week, and the second, the total amount now in bank to the credit of each school:

First Ward Grammar.....	\$47.67	\$1,621.84
Third Ward Grammar.....	46.83	2,738.12
Fourth Ward Grammar.....	74.32	2,388.27

Other schools are following the example, and there promises to be a regular epidemic of economy. Of course the lesson is not as valuable or as significant as it would be if the little depositors earned the money they save; but it is the next thing to it, and the best thing possible under the circumstances. Far more than rhetoric and algebra, far more than any book-learning, however valuable, is the knowledge how to get a living when school-days are over and father and mother cease to be a reliance.

This experiment of how to save ought to go forward side by side with the manual-training experiment of how to make.

THE RAILWAY CLEARING-HOUSE.

THE plan for a great railway clearing-house has been received by the public with some suspicion, because the proposed association has been termed a Trust, with all that the name has come to imply. Nevertheless, the situation is entitled to candid consideration. The facts are these: For several weeks, Messrs. Jay Gould, Charles Francis Adams, C. P. Huntington, W. B. Strong, and other railroad presidents, have been holding a conference in New York, in which Chairman Midgely, of the Southwestern Railroad Association, has taken a prominent part. The first outcome of the conference was an announcement of an agreement by which the Southwestern railway troubles would be settled and the rates advanced twenty-five per cent. But the real result was the formation of a railroad "clearing-house," including all roads between Milwaukee and Chicago on the east, St. Paul on the north, Arkansas on the south, and Colorado and Wyoming on the west. This includes twenty-five railroads, with a total mileage of nearly 66,000. All the existing freight and passenger associations are to be abolished and merged in the "Trust," or clearing-house, which will be managed by an Executive Board of three. Rates, rules and regulations are to be established by a Board of Managers consisting of one representative of each company. In case of disagreement the question will be settled by the Executive Board. The division of all through rates is to be arranged through the clearing-house, whose auditor shall have authority to check all accounts, and an officer of each road shall be held responsible for the maintenance of all rules and rates, and any violation is to be punished by a fine or the forfeiture of a proportionate amount. The Executive Board will secure for each member of the Trust such share of the business as may be deemed proper. There shall be no concession to influence business.

Such are the essential provisions of a combination which, if it shall be carried out on the lines proposed, will affect the business of nearly one-half the railroads in the country. The arrangement is the sequel of a long series of rate-cuttings and traffic wars. A settlement of these troubles, which have gone on despite the Interstate Commerce Act, and a restoration of rates, have been earnestly desired by railroad men, by Wall Street, and by investors in railroad securities. It is explained that this is practically a pool; that there will be a division of business as under the old pool system, but there will be no money compensation to roads which fail to secure their share of business. It is urged that this is the only plan which will save competing railroads from bankruptcy. But two important points are to be considered—the effect of this Trust upon the public, and its relation to the Interstate Commerce Act. Does this combination mean the exaction of exorbitant rates from the public? The name Trust, and the character of certain railroad magnates, will cause sharp scrutiny of this arrangement. But candor is necessary. All railroads are subject to legislative authority as to maximum rates. The Sugar Trust, Copper Trust and others are subject to no such control. The difference between the "Railway Trust" and others is the difference between a controlled monopoly and one uncontrolled. It is desirable that railways should be permitted to earn a fair return on the capital invested, and it will not be impossible to determine what a fair return may be.

The second question is, whether this Trust is in conflict with the Fifth Section of the Interstate Commerce Act, which declares against any combination of competing railroads for pooling and dividing earnings. On the face of it, this section would seem to forbid such a Trust, but the question can only be settled when a specific case shall come before the Commercial Commission. It is useless to argue the question now, but time may demonstrate the wisdom of amending an Act which is certainly not infallible. On the whole, this plan presents much which is commendable, for we must recognize the fact that in the long run the public are not the gainers by promiscuous rate-cutting and incessant wars. The railroads have been cutting each other's throats, and their willingness to enter this pool shows that they have learned that their policy has meant simply ruin. The prosperity of the railroads is intimately connected with the prosperity of the country. It is right that where business exists they should charge enough to pay their expenses and make a reasonable return to their stockholders. So much we concede, and we therefore see much to approve in this pool. But if this is made a means of obtaining exorbitant rates and defrauding the public, through the stoppage of competition, then the law can interfere for the protection of the people.

THE WAYS OF THE BACHELOR GIRL.

IT is more or less fun in this world to be a girl. Even being a working-girl, and a hard-working-girl at that, is not enough to rub off the bloom, providing she only takes things in a nice, manly sort of a way. Everything comes to him who waits, but he who waits gracefully and with pleasure has a deal more fun. Girls all wait for husbands, but the girls who sing—even the girls who whistle—while they wait, are just that much more attractive.

The bachelor girl ought always to bear one thing in mind. "It gives one a stiff neck and a wry face with wrinkles on it to look too long over one's shoulder." The bachelor girl who isn't absolutely averse to some day becoming a Benedict should keep her conscience, her liver and her forehead clear. "Get thy spindle and thy distaff ready, and God will send thee flax," says the old proverb. A revived edition might well read, "Get thy heart and thy life ready, and God will send thee a husband!"

The bachelor girl whose existence we have so easily assumed is a fact which established itself very easily and pleasantly in position. The bachelor girl is not the strong-minded, masculine creature

which the best name we have unfortunately implies, but, on the contrary, a girl whose femininity is so strong that it even overcomes feminine prejudice. She is a creature so devoted to a home, and so dependent upon that sense of protection which four walls of one's own are bound to give, that she has not waited for a home to be offered her, but has established it herself. The location and the furniture vary, but the imbuing spirit never. Sometimes, for instance, the bachelor girl's home is a studio or workshop at the top of some fine Fifth Avenue house; sometimes it is a single little studio in a studio-building, a room wherein the couch arises and becomes a bed when the sun sets, and the decorative china on the walls descends and becomes the useful plate when dinner-time comes. Sometimes again—and instances are growing less rare all the time—this young woman "guesses" that she has a business instinct combined with her streak of femininity; she saves and scrimps a little, and then plunges headlong into an apartment of which she furnishes and rents enough to pay her a profit, and before you know it she is living there with a good elderly dragon of a servant, working half the day and luxuriously allowing herself to be served and waited on the rest of the time.

Examples like these are possibly less than more familiar up to date; but when the advocate of the bachelor girl seeks a good and innocent example to the prudish mind of the bachelor sisterhood, it is only necessary to point north, south and west, to the best women's colleges. Enter a series of men's rooms at college, and then a series of young women's, and see the difference. In the men's is to be seen only the bare bough, the mere resting-place of the unmated Cock Robin. Enter the girls' rooms, and see how Jenny Wren invariably responds to her predestinated career. A sweet, innocent Jenny Wren is so surely commanded by the voice of Fate to mate, and to own a nest of her own, that even if a congenial Cock Robin fails to come along to help carry the big twigs and forage for her, she'll up and carry them for herself, and forage for herself, and, what is more, live by herself.

Of this sort of mettle is the bachelor girl made: good, pure metal that rings true. Since, then, she has come, give her honor. Mistake not her purpose, but bow equally low to her and to that doughty duenna of hers, her exquisite innate motherhood and wifehood.

THERE'S A DIVINITY THAT SHAPES.

A GOOD mother in Israel said, one day, to her little granddaughter: "See, Fannie, my child—just see, even the little birds and the chickens take a sip of pure, fresh water, and then lift up their heads and give thanks!" "Give thanks? Humph!" cried little Fannie. "Dey hold up deir heads to let it run down deir froats, dat's what dey do!"

The wise American people were besought, weeks ago, by divers ones in authority, to observe last Thursday as a day of thanksgiving. Most of them responded by lifting up their heads—and letting something run down their throats! Without a doubt there were many scattering thanks returned, but just as sure as fate a grand majority were for blessings of omission, and not for those on hand. Just think of the thanks that the politicians of this free country could give and not half try. Just think how many of them, if they followed the proclamation of their Chief Executive, and the Governor of the State, and the good minister whose church they attend, must have given thanks that it was no worse—that they were not obliged to give up any more of that which is fat—even that they did not agree to wheel the biggest man in the neighborhood more than thirteen times around the Post-office. Think how thankful Mr. Cleveland must have been to remember that he can cast an innocent fly or a wily worm across an Adirondack stream without mortal fear settling upon his heart lest it catches a bite in an equally innocent and wily reporter's nose. Think how thankful Mrs. Cleveland must have been to know that she may creep out from under the coverlid of twaddle, patched up of "girlish," and "dainty," and "petite," and "first lady," and all the similar words that have been flung at her ever since she started out three years ago. Think, too, of Colonel Lamont, and how he must have praised the future night when never a midnight ring at the bell will mean an interview; and Mrs. Folsom, how gladly she must regard the prospect of being only privately, and not publicly, the President's mother-in-law.

If, then, at the end, all this is not enough, the doubtful Thomas has only to regard the entire sixty millions of people, a few haters and fire-works merchants excepted, as being down on their marrow-bones from the 7th of November till Christmas thanking goodness that a wise Providence has appointed four Thanksgivings to every Presidential election.

HOW IT LOOKS IN FRANCE.

GREAT as are the difficulties that beset the French Republic, they are not insurmountable, nor would there be any serious danger in them if they were distributed on a longer line. The peril is in the coincidence of pressure from three points: the Boulanger camp, the Extremist party, and the Panama Canal Company. No one of these can be put off. They must all be faced at once, and faced triumphantly, or the Government must go down, and with it the Republic that has survived so much within the past eighteen years. The entanglement with the Panama Canal Company is the most formidable of the three dangers, because it involves, there is every reason to believe, an enormous scandal. It can be no idle threat on the part of De Lesseps that he will publish the names of those who sold themselves to the company and secured for it the support of the Government. The threat must be boldly met, or it must be silenced by yielding; and there is little to choose between the two. Whichever line is taken, the Government will be assailed at once by the Boulangerists and the Extremists; and the Bandin question is now being fought over by both to embarrass the Government still more. Bandin was a distinguished physician, a socialist Representative, who was killed at a barricade in the Faubourg St. Antoine, fighting against Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* on December 2d, 1851. The proposition to transfer the Deputy's body to the Pantheon on the anniversary of his death was an adroit move of the Boulangerists, and the Government, in trying to defeat this, has been obliged to compromise itself to some degree with the Extremists.

Matters may go so far that the Government shall find itself brought to a stand-still, and resort, in mere desperation, to the one measure certain to rally all Frenchmen—war. This Germany evidently expects, with an anxiety all the keener that the Austrian alliance begins to show signs of weakness. Never was there greater need of a cool head and an iron hand in France, for the outlook grows darker with every day.

PRINCE BISMARCK, D.D.

THE University of Giessen has distinguished itself, if not Prince Bismarck, by bestowing upon him the title of Doctor of Divinity, and exciting thereby the hilarity of those who are beyond the

reach of the Chancellor's long arm. It is not well to be too hard upon the men of Giessen. Like the widow in Scripture, they have given what they could, and if the gift is neither ornamental nor useful, but is, on the contrary, grotesquely inappropriate, the fault is not theirs. Men give only to the rich; and the precedent was long since established for conferring degrees of every possible kind upon great or distinguished persons merely because they were in the public eye.

In the case of Bismarck, now a Doctor of Divinity, two questions seem to call for answer: It is not very many years since this same University of Giessen was found to be in the practice of selling diplomas to those who could pay cash down; and it would be interesting to know whether the practice has been discontinued long enough to restore dignity and worth to the University parchment. Supposing this first question well out of the way, the second is: How far will a religious and sacred character attach to the future dispatches, state papers and other utterances of the Chancellor D.D.? The matter is by no means so light as it seems. The ways of Providence will certainly be vindicated within the Empire; but foreign statesmen and foreign nations ought not to be left in the dark on this point, lest they unwittingly make themselves guilty of constructive blasphemy in opposing Bismarck's expositions of doctrine. The Chancellor's active unfriendliness to the American hog is a thing of the past; but the future is dim with doubt.

A CELEBRATED CASE.

THE New York Court of Appeals has decided that Mrs. McGraw-Fiske's bequest of \$1,500,000 to Cornell University is void, because the charter of the college prohibits it from taking any property beyond \$3,000,000, an amount already held. It was argued that the Western land scrip held by the college was not property, within the meaning of the charter, and this argument was sustained at the first trial of this celebrated case before the Surrogate of Tompkins County. But this decision was reversed by the General Term of the Supreme Court, and now the latter judgment has been affirmed by the Court of Appeals. The case will be carried to the United States Supreme Court. And meantime Professor Willard Fiske, the successful contestant, is wise in remaining away from Ithaca, where patriotic Cornellites regard him with anything but amiable feelings.

Nevertheless, it is by no means clear that Professor Fiske's motives have not been misconstrued. Professor Fiske was an earnest friend of the college and its librarian. The father of his wife was a benefactor of the college, and it is possible that some of the trustees came to regard the McGraw fortune as practically belonging to the institution. Perhaps they looked upon the husband as merely a trustee of college funds. Mrs. Fiske's interest in her husband's work was shown by the fact that her largest single bequest was to his department, the library. Their residence was filled with works of art, and Professor Fiske, seconded by President White, wished it preserved intact as an art museum; but the trustees insisted upon selling everything, even the private effects of their benefactors. Meantime Professor Fiske had been elbowed out of the management of the library. When he consulted a lawyer, and was told that the bequest was void, he began suit; and it may be noted that the point upon which he has won should have been corrected long ago by the trustees, who could have amended the charter to provide for a larger holding of property. In brief, the trustees appear to have been neglectful of important points at first, and throughout to have erred by regarding the McGraw fortune as their own and seeking to humiliate and set aside the husband of the heir. If it be said that the spectacle of a husband disregarding the wishes of his dead wife is an unpleasant one, there is the obvious answer that it is not clear that this is Professor Fiske's purpose. There is no proof that he wishes this wealth for purely selfish purposes. He has always borne a high character, and it is altogether possible that he believes the intentions of his wife can be most advantageously carried out through his own control of the disposition of the property. The fact that he made a will, just before instituting the suit, bequeathing to trustees named by him, for the use of the college, not merely all that may come to him by this decision, but also all his personal property, tends very strongly to corroborate the evidence showing that this trouble has been due in a very considerable measure to the unwarranted assumption of the trustees that this fortune was practically theirs from the outset.

THERE were only 406 deaths by yellow fever in Florida out of 4,500 persons attacked—less than one in ten. There is frequently greater mortality in typhoid and diphtheria, and it looks now as if obedience to the rule, "Keep cool and be prudent," would reduce the percentage greatly. Boards of health with skill and plenary power—that is the first need.

THE report of the Sioux Commission has been presented to Secretary Vilas. It recommends the passage of a Bill conforming as nearly as possible to the proposition of the Indians so far as the price of the land is concerned, and making it a law without any further reference to their wishes. This will be done to prevent the Indians from postponing further a settlement of the matter, and this course appears to us fair and judicious.

AS a "far-speaker" the telephone is rivaling the telegraph. Already direct conversations have been carried on between Boston and Chicago, and, indeed, some talk has been exchanged to Milwaukee, a hundred miles further. It is now contemplated to run the wires to San Francisco, Portland, Ore., and Mexico. Thus there seems scarcely any limit to the system. It would be interesting to be able to forecast the condition of modes of conveyance and of communication a quarter of a century from now.

SENATOR ALLISON made a friendly call, last week, on General Harrison, and it was at once assumed by the newspapers that his visit had reference to his selection for a Cabinet position. Of course, this was mere conjecture, but it would be a fortunate thing for the country if it should turn out to be true. Senator Allison is one of the safest, purest and brainiest men in his party, and he would honor any position to which he might be elevated.

A PHENOMENAL and extraordinary thing seems to be occurring in Indiana. Before election there is always a cry of "Fraud! fraud!" from both parties, each claiming that the other has made comprehensive arrangements to corrupt the ballot and buy voters like sheep; but when the votes are counted they usually settle down quietly without punishing the rascals, and wait for another chance. This year seems to be exceptional. In Indiana the Democratic party has not only continued the cry of fraud begun in October, but its prominent members have actually gone to work arrest-

ing Republicans by the hundred, right and left, on warrants sworn out by men who claim to have proof of the corruption. They not only arrest Republicans for bribing, but also Democrats for being bribed, and threaten both with two years in state-prison. We know nothing as to the truth of the charges, but we certainly hope that every man of every party who is guilty will get the full sentence of the law, even if it imprisons, for a term of years, the thousand men who are alleged to be liable to conviction in the Hoosier State. The degradation of the ballot by such means by both parties has gone on far too long, and a campaign, even though prompted by angry resentment, would purify the atmosphere.

ON Saturday, March 10th, just before the great blizzard, the United States Signal Office predictions were, "Light to fresh easterly winds, warmer fair weather, followed by rain or snow." On Saturday, November 24th, just before the recent severe storm, or "complemental blizzard," the predictions were, "For Eastern New York, fair weather, stationary temperature, winds shifting to southerly." Perhaps it is more difficult to predict violent changes, but it must be said that the Signal Office is equally liable to fail in ordinary weather. What the trouble is we do not pretend to say. It is not unnatural to think that a scientific meteorologist is better fitted than an army officer for the head of this department.

THE effort to make General Harrison father the jingoism of wanting to annex Canada is very certain to fail. No publicist is likely to commit the grave error of giving such a conceit any serious importance. The fact is that nobody can annex Canada to the United States except Canadians. Before the movement can attain any proportions it must become the desire and the dream of a strong party on the other side of the border, extending at least from Nipissing to Halifax. No American can in any way stimulate or forward the project: he can only retard it. In many respects our interests are identical, and under conditions that may arise they are likely to be identical in far more particulars. Any attempt to pick Canada while it is green ought to be resolutely discouraged.

THE next chapter of complications in Samoa will probably present a tale of bloodshed. Matters are in a very bad way indeed. Tamesese, the rebel king, who is a tool of the Germans, has been preparing for a pitched battle with Mataafa, the lawful ruler. Meantime there has been a reign of terror, with more or less promiscuous shooting and rioting, and much abuse of foreign residents. The American, British and German consulates have been fortified and guarded by marines from the respective men-of-war, and it is said that this state of affairs has been caused by the acts of the Germans, whose attitude towards the Americans and English, as well as the natives, is described as unendurable. We do not believe that any serious complications will arise, so far as we are concerned; and reports of outrages must, of course, be received with some allowances. But American citizens must be protected wherever they are, and it will do no harm for our Government to be somewhat more prompt and decided in recognizing its obligations.

THE seizure of the American steamer *Haytian Republic* while attempting to force the blockade at Port-au-Prince will probably cause no more disturbance. All the documents in the case, including the testimony before the Prize Court, have been forwarded to Washington, and will be laid before Congress. It appears, therefore, that there is no immediate danger of our vindicating our dignity by war. Rumors, however, are rife concerning shipments of arms to the insurgents, and shipments are being made to the loyalists by permission of the Haytian Minister. One steamer takes out 10,000 stands of rifles for acting President Legitime's defenders, and Minister Preston says that more arms will be sent down to Legitime in the near future. It appears probable that Legitime will presently "lay out" Hippolyte, the chief insurgent, in a neat and scientific manner. Meantime some shippers have complained of the blockade of the Haytian ports, but we have no idea that our Government will be persuaded to interfere and raise a blockade which Hayti has a right to maintain.

THE Williamson Industrial School of Philadelphia will be by far the largest institution of the kind in this country, and one of the largest in any country, if the founder is rightly reported as intending ultimately to give the whole of a fortune estimated at over \$12,000,000. The province of this school is somewhat narrowly limited. It will be devoted to the education of boys in the old-fashioned trades. It will be opened to boys with or without parents, and with no distinction on account of race. This may be taken to represent an attempt to revive the old-fashioned way of long apprenticeship and thorough training in mechanical trades. The old-time craftsman has now become rare, owing to division and specialization in industrial employments, and the jealousy of trades unions. In New York, Mr. Auchmuty has encouraged industrial schools, and in other cities efforts have been made to supply at these schools the training which an apprentice formerly obtained from the personal supervision of a master. A more thorough training can be furnished by these schools, and there is no reason why its practical value should not be equally great. Good all-round mechanics are becoming scarcer and scarcer, although the demand exists everywhere.

THE utility of the Life-saving Service has been strikingly illustrated during the past year, the report of the Superintendent showing that out of 3,653 lives imperiled by disasters to 411 vessels, only 12 were lost; that of a total of \$9,555,285 in vessels and cargo involved in the disasters, \$7,776,405 was rescued, and that in the casualties to smaller craft only 5 lives were lost out of 297 persons endangered. The extent of the assistance rendered in saving vessels and cargoes was greater than ever before; 492 vessels having been worked off when stranded, repaired when damaged, piloted out of dangerous places and similarly assisted by the station crews. There were, besides, 229 instances where vessels running into danger of stranding were warned off by the signals of the patrol, most of them thus being saved from partial or total loss. And all this vast service was rendered at the moderate cost of \$928,213. The total value of the property saved since the establishment of the service is stated at \$55,207,652, while of 39,414 persons involved, all but 561 have been saved, and of those lost, 183 were lost in the wrecks of the *Huron* and *Metropolis*—a loss for which the service was not responsible. The Superintendent very properly recommends an increase in the compensation of the surfmen, whose hardships and labors are worthy of better remuneration, and also favors the passage of the Bill now before the House granting pensions to the officers and enlisted men of the service, who are subjected to imminent peril, and to their wives and minor children. It is to be hoped that these suggestions will be favorably acted upon by Congress.

Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 267.



Eugénie Forestier.

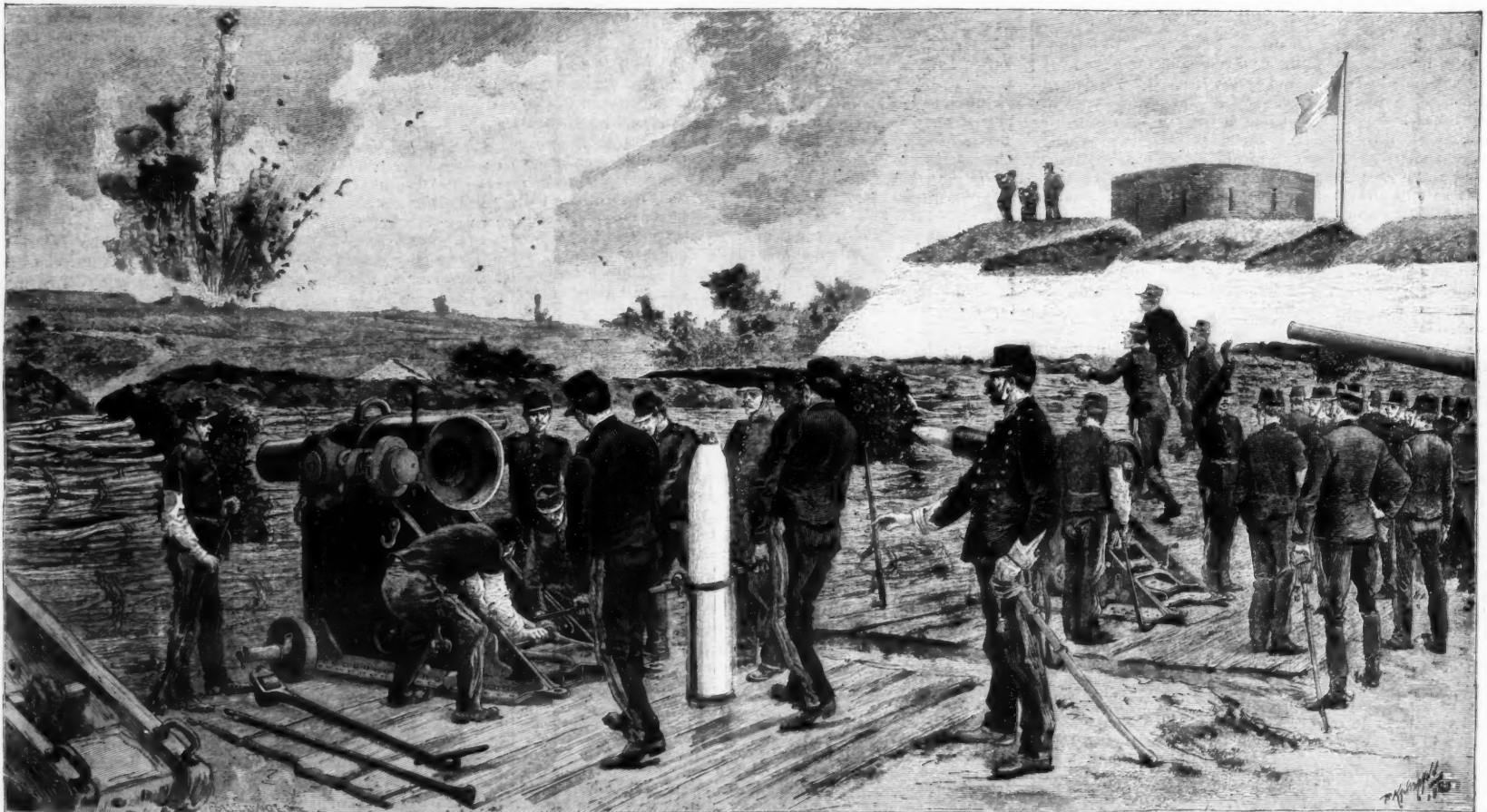


Prado.

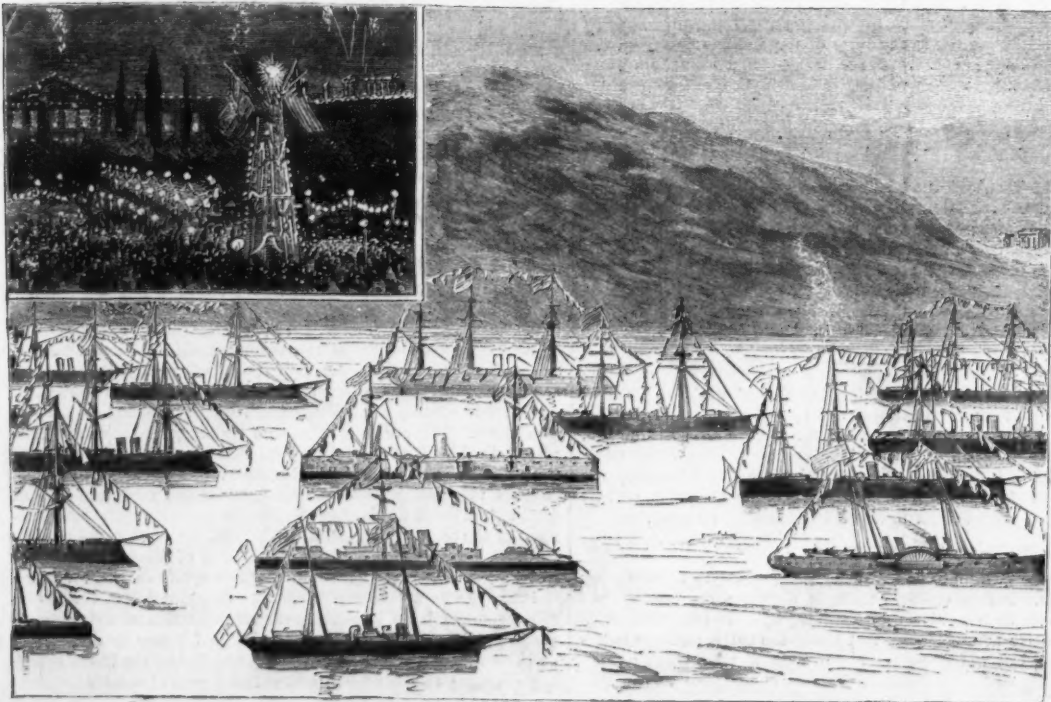


Mauricette Couronneau.

FRANCE.—THE CELEBRATED CASE OF THE ASSASSIN PRADO.



FRANCE.—EXPERIMENTING WITH THE NEW MÉLENITE PROJECTILE AT CHALONS.



Illumination of Athens and the Acropolis.

GREECE.—THE JUBILEE OF KING GEORGE—NAVAL DISPLAY IN THE PIREUS.



ENGLAND.—ALDERMAN WHITEHEAD, THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

ELIJAH W. HALFORD,

PRIVATE SECRETARY TO PRESIDENT-ELECT HARRISON.

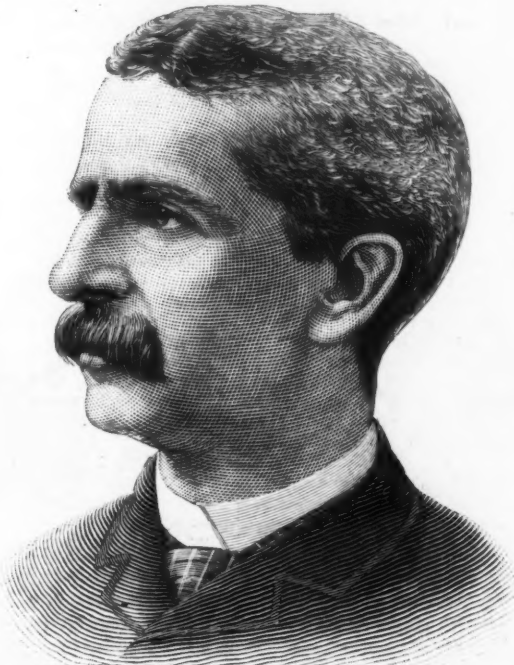
PRESIDENT-ELECT HARRISON has appointed Elijah W. Halford, editor of the *Indianapolis Journal*, as his private secretary—the important post which has been filled with such tact and ability by another newspaper man, Colonel "Dan" Lamont, under Cleveland. It is generally agreed that in this selection the President-elect has made a first-rate beginning in the matter of appointments. Mr. Halford, though he has been spoken of frequently as a typical Western journalist, is a native of England. He came to America with his parents when a child, and with the exception of a brief residence at Hamilton, O., has lived in Indianapolis since boyhood. His education, with the exception of what he obtained in the common school, has been acquired in the newspaper office. Beginning as a type-setter, he rose rapidly in the line of newspaper work until he became the managing editor of the *Journal*, and his twenty-five years of experience has been entirely devoted to that paper, with the exception of two years which he spent in Chicago as managing editor of the *Inter-Ocean*, and a year or two when he was employed by the *Indianapolis News*. He is now about forty-five years of age, and his family consists of a wife and daughter.

THE MODERN NEW YORK APARTMENT HOUSE.

THE idea of the modern "flat" and apartment house originated in the great capitals of Continental Europe; but, like the railway coach, it has reached its highest development in this country. Within the past decade, New York city has become a veritable paradise for that growing class of philosophical home-makers who justly claim that the problem of combining hotel conveniences with the freedom, privacy and scope for personal taste afforded by an individual residence has been satisfactorily solved. Here are the trials of housekeeping, the management of servants, and all the innumerable cares and perplexities which beset the house-owner, eliminated at once. While convenience and comfort are undoubtedly the primary consideration, the idea of economy is by no means overlooked; and it is demonstrated that living in a suite of apartments at from \$1,500 to \$3,000 or \$4,000 rental per annum is cheaper by ten per cent. than living in a separate house for which an equal rent is paid. Hence the scores of new apartment houses of the best class, with names already universally known, and the scores of others going up in the West Side and up-town districts, sure to be in immediate demand as the homes of small families, artists, bachelors, and other classes possessed of luxurious urban tastes in conjunction with moderate means.

The latest notable addition to the list of sumptuous apartment houses in this city is the Gerlach, of which some characteristic bits are shown in the sketches on page 273. Situated in West Twenty-seventh Street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue, it occupies a portion of what may be called the lower middle section of the fashionable apartment-house district. In fact, it is exactly central, according to the present social geography of the city. The white-granite front of the eleven-story building rises superbly above all its surroundings, itself a conspicuous architectural landmark, while its upper windows and roof overlook a marvelous panorama of Gotham and its environs.

Let us peep inside. As we ascend the steps and pass under the broad stone archway, the two glass doors, with their unique and



INDIANA.—ELIJAH W. HALFORD, PRIVATE SECRETARY
OF PRESIDENT-ELECT HARRISON.

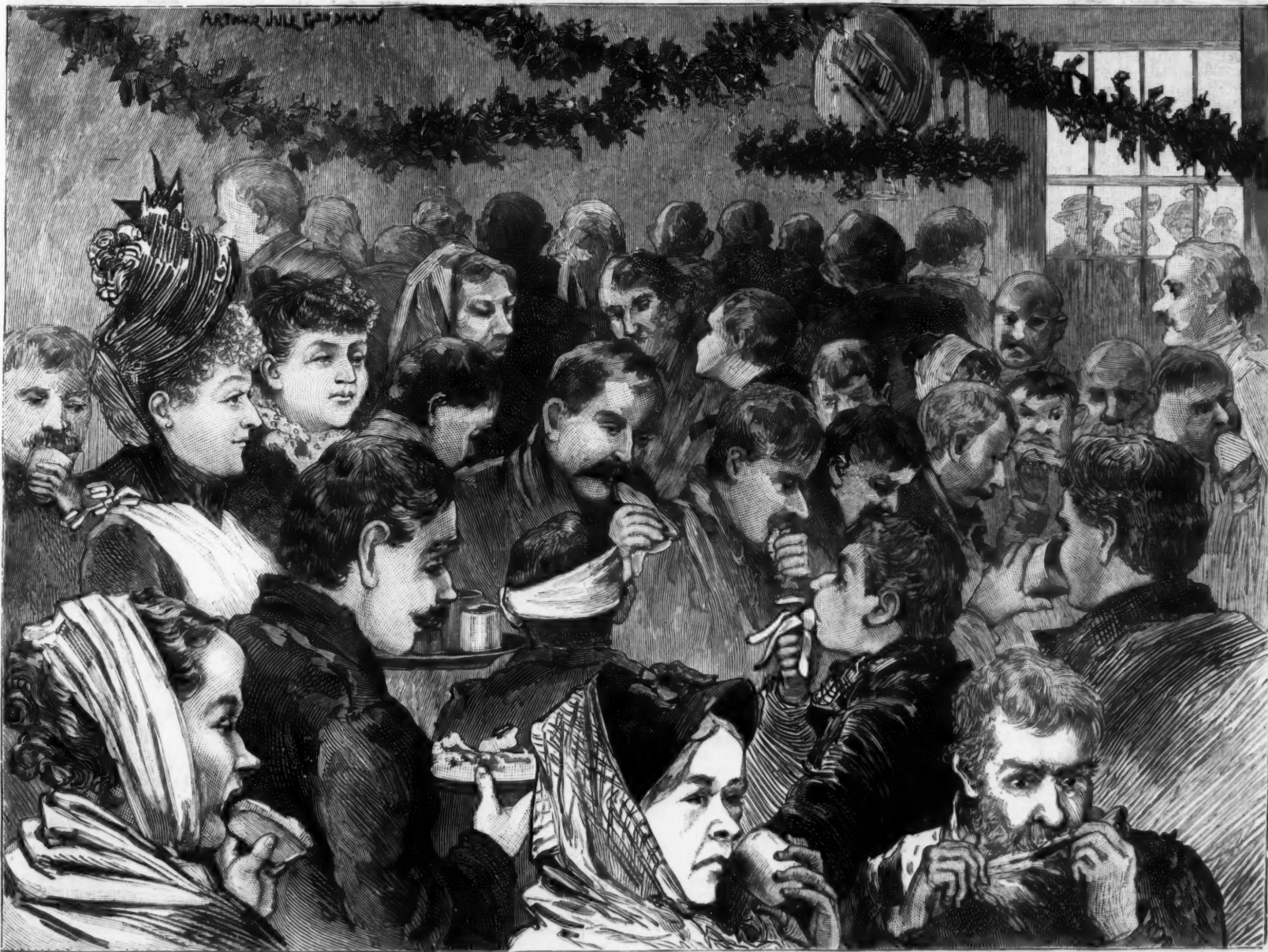
PHOTO. BY CLARK.

striking peacock's-tail design, swing noiselessly open. An open fire-place with blazing asbestos logs brightly welcomes us in the entrance-hall. To the right is a perfect *bijou* of a reception-room, in the Mauresque style, dainty as the inside of a sea-shell with its tints of pale-blue, pearl and silver; while the fire-place, and the sumptuous rug whose fringed edges leave revealed a strip of the dark, polished floor, give just the needed warmth and coziness to the general effect. Meanwhile, our card has magically flown aloft, and we presently follow it by means of the elevator, or "lift," or *ascenseur* (as it is variously denominated according to the nationality of its passengers) to any one of the eleven floors of the house, each of which has from six to ten suites of apartments, according to the manner in which they have been apportioned to meet the requirements of the different occupants. One may furnish his own apartments, or he may rent them ready furnished. The facility with which these suites can be either extended or contracted is, indeed, a special feature of the modern apartment house. The bachelor, with his modest parlor, bedroom and bathroom, may "sport his oak," as they say at Oxford, shutting himself up in

complete and luxurious isolation; a family may have the equivalent of a "large flat," with the advantageous difference that here the various apartments are arranged in a convenient cluster, instead of being strung out in a long row, like the cars of a vestibule-train. In fact, any dozen or twenty of the apartments may be thrown together with interior communications, if desirable. Of course the same elaborate system of electric annunciators, speaking-tubes, etc., pervades the entire building, which is, from foundation to roof, as absolutely fireproof as the science of the modern builder can make it.

We take at random one of the first of the many delightful homes, or nests, to be found in the building, and observe how the possibilities of the house for artistic effect and elegant comfort are realized by individual occupants. From the entrance-corridor, with its convenient depository for hats, cloaks, and blizzard paraphernalia generally, we emerge upon a spacious *salon*, finished in rich dark woods, warm terra-cotta and "crushed strawberry" tints, with a soft rug covering the glistening floor, and a central chandelier shedding subdued radiance upon the groups of furniture and *bric-a-brac* which, rather than solid walls, floors and ceilings, appear to inclose this charming domain. What a miracle of arrangement! The place is full of color, yet not a single object, great or small, stands out obtrusively. It is absolutely crammed with pictures, statues, medallions, plaques, mirrors, musical instruments, vases, Japanese curios, carved cabinets, tables and stands of the First Empire, inlaid-work from Milan and Venice, Oriental fabrics and embroideries—that is to say, it seems as though the place *must* be crammed, when we attempt mentally to catalogue the innumerable art-objects, exquisite and rare, that have met our gaze in quick succession; but in reality, everything, down to the minutest bit of *cloisonné*, harmonizes and "goes" with its surroundings, while the combined effect is the very reverse of crowding or confusion. Adjoining this *salon*, in the front of the house, is one of those charming bedroom-boudoirs, such as the *grandes dames* of Louis Quinze times were wont to receive their morning callers in. On the other hand, there is one of the coziest little sitting-rooms in the world, separated from the great *salon* by rich *portières*, and having its own fire-place, deep windows, tables, cabinets and sofas; while back of this opens still another room, with a jealous screen in front of the door, and a mirror at the back presenting the illusion of illimitable distance. Intuition tells us that this is the bath-room, and hearsay paints us a picture of something like old Roman refinement of luxury in this direction. A score of other apartments, each as distinctively characteristic, tempt a detailed description, if unlimited space were at command.

There is no housekeeping, in the kitchen sense of the word, at the Gerlach. One may take meals *à la carte* in the *café*, or occupy a table in the grand dining-room. This latter is a beautiful hall, of that pure white order, untouched with gilding, affected by the French decorators during the reign of Louis XVI. 'Tis as dainty and cool as that wondrous marble mosque of the Sultans which Verestchagin has painted; and the toilets of the ladies in the groups about the little tables stand out with charming vivacity of effect against these delicate and ethereal surroundings. There is a gallery of ferns and palm-branches overhead, where a string orchestra discourses soft music during dinner-time—strains not loud enough to interrupt, but just to furnish a melodious background, as it were, to the conversation. The *cuisine* is worthy of



NEW YORK CITY.—FEEDING THE POOR—SECOND ANNUAL THANKSGIVING DINNER AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ST. ANDREW'S COFFEE-STANDS, 215 MADISON STREET.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 266.

a Duignol; and it is possible to have a banquet or a private supper, served in one of the rooms especially devoted to the purpose, in a style that fairly challenges comparison with the Café Bignon in Paris.

Who, then, can come away from a visit to a modern apartment house without a complacent smile at the thought of those suburban or country friends who waste their sympathy on "city folks, cooped up in dark, dismal flats?"

CAPE JESSAMINE.

LOVELY, creamy buds! 'neath Southern skies,
Amid your leaves of dark and glossy green;
What means this vision that your presence brings?
A woman fair, with splendid shadowy eyes,
And hair that holds the midnight in its sheen.

Fair as your fairest blossom is her face;
Born to command—a queen among her race;
With that sweet winning grace which ever clings
To those who, favored by the Fates, will sway
The hearts of men, to worship or betray.

What red rose in the slumberous, dreamy South
Died to bequeath its color to your mouth,
And left its last sweet odor in your breath?
Nor cast one tint upon your pallid face,
But left it to the jessamine's embrace.

The moonlight lies upon these buds to-night,
And turns their petals to a purer white,
Fit for the bridal robe of Angel Death;
But she has gone, and leaves the lonely room
Wrapped in the silence of a midnight gloom.

No more I see the glory of her face,
No longer feel her finger's soft embrace,
Nor hear her light, quick footstep on the floor;
But time nor distance can the dream dispel
Of our first meeting, and that last farewell.

E'en now, as on that last sad night, she stood
Midway 'twixt sinless girl and womanhood,
Pure as the snowy robe and buds she wore;
Who knows? her spirit may have sought my room,
Enshrined within the jessamine's perfume!

AVIS GRAY.

GEORGETTE'S CAPITULATION.

By F. E. H. RAYMOND.

"WHEN is the Berwick train due?" "Bout three hours, sah." "What? Great Scott!" The porter surveyed the tourist coolly. "You'll have time to get over you're hurry, sah."

"Confound your impudence! Any hotel near?" "Nearest is Millsburgh, 'bout five miles furdur on, sah."

The young man, in walking-costume, threw off his knapsack impatiently, clapped his hand to his sunburned cheek, and groaned. Jim refrained from polishing the waiting-room furniture, and showed a mild curiosity.

"Pear to be sufferin', sah."

"Suffering? I'm frantic. Never had the toothache till last night. Oh, Jupiter! Oh—my!"

"Toothache ain't nothin'."

"Ain't it, you black imp? Ever have it?"

"Oceans o' times—oceans o' times. Ain't fur to say comf'ble; but, law! rheumatiz 'll beat it! Ever have rheumatiz, sah?"

"No; never wish to. Say, got anything here good for this pain?"

"Nothin', sah."

"Never saw such a confounded country. Rain all the time! Wet through, then have to sleep in damp sheets in a cold room. That's what you call 'taking mine ease in mine inn.'"

"Country's all right, fur dem 'at's used of it. Reckon you'm from town, sah."

Hugh Scribner uttered another groan, which was almost a shriek, and strode to the door. As he opened it the wind dashed the Autumn rain in his face. It was a cheerless prospect.

"Any dentist in Millsburgh?"

"Tooth-doctor, you mean? Dunno; s'pose so."

"What do you know, you black idiot?"

"Dat you'm a mighty hot-tempered gempel-mum."

"Here!" tossing him a quarter; "I ought to thrash you instead, for calling this confounded pain 'nothin'." Help me on with this strap. I'll try for a forceps, anyhow. I've no will to stand this racket long."

So, buttoning his jacket snugly over his broad chest, he set out.

"Must 'a' been a gempel-mum when he's hisself!" commented Jim, closing the door.

"This isn't rain; this is the Deluge," muttered the pedestrian, striding on.

His discomfort goaded him to accomplish the "five miles furdur on" very soon, and Hugh accosted the first man he met in the town, asking for a dentist.

"Ain't any such fellow here."

This was disgusting.

"Doctor?" then he enunciated.

"Yes, they's doctors enough. All out o' town to-day, though. Gone to convention down to Boston."

"What a forsaken region it is!" groaned the sufferer.

The citizen's pride being touched, he walked on in silent contempt.

"I'll find a sawbones or a blast of powder to blow out the thing!"

On he rushed, furious, half blind with pain, generally demoralized. Then he stumbled over a bit of old plank sidewalk and fell. This accident tended neither to compose his nerves nor improve his appearance, yet proved to be of use to him.

Picking himself up, he glanced hastily about, as every one does who meets with a like misfortune, and in scanning the opposite windows discovered a modest blue-and-gilt sign, "G. Ormesby, Dentist."

"Plague on the hars, anyway!"

He was across the street in an instant, and only on the way up-stairs did his eager pace begin to lag. Somehow, his troublesome molar was easing

up. By the time he had reached the upper landing and was face to face with a half-glazed door bearing the inscription, "Dental Surgeon," the pain had suddenly and utterly ceased. However, the hateful thing which had given him this long tramp deserved punishment. He'd teach his teeth to ache again! so he boldly turned the knob and entered. What? A "dental office"? My lady's parlor instead!

Dainty curtains draped the windows, a moss-like carpet covered the floor, luxurious seats invited repose. There was a well-filled book-case, a table loaded with pretty nothings, such as women affect; but instruments of torture—none.

A young woman left her writing-desk in the corner and advanced towards him. She was slight and trim, but quick, firm and strong in her movements. Her face was not pretty, but exceedingly fresh and wholesome, lighted by bright eyes full of intelligence. She wore a gray gown, edged at throat and wrists with spotless linen, and the only touch of color about her was a bunch of roses stuck in the bib of her great, snowy apron.

"I fear I have made a mistake. I was looking for a dentist."

The comely lips parted in a pleasant smile.

"I am the only one in Millsburgh."

"You?"

"Yes, a regularly finished one. What is your trouble? Maybe I can relieve it."

"I should judge you might relieve anything."

The smile died instantly, and now Hugh was conscious he had blundered.

"I have—that is, I had—I thought I had a racking toothache."

"Has it disappeared?"

"Yes; coming up the stair."

"That is a common occurrence; but it will return," reassuringly; "that is, if there was real cause for it. Has it troubled you frequently?"

"Never till last night. I had been tramping all day in the wet. I suppose I took cold, though that is not my habit."

The clear eyes made a brief personal survey of her patient.

"A stranger, and a tramp for fun," she decided. "Shall I look at your teeth?"

The young man's cheek crimsoned.

He had come prepared to bully a country botch of a dentist, if need be; but this outcome of his mad haste was disconcerting. Let her peer into that cavern whence he had just hurled anathemas on the whole country! and when the only supper procurable on the previous night had been baked beans and onions. No, by all that was decent, no!

But this alert young business woman paid his hesitation and blushes no heed, and so, promptly moved a screen which hid an orthodox dental chair, and a corner filled with the most modern equipments of her profession. A quiet maid-servant, who had been arranging a stock of fresh towels, came out from this hidden torture-chamber and awaited in the outer apartment her mistress's need. The "surgeon" turned, waiting for her victim.

Poor fellow! he would rather have had every tooth in his head "on a rampage" than place himself in that chair. He could beat an ignominious retreat, but the consciousness that this advanced young female would laugh at him wasn't pleasant. He never felt himself such a great, awkward hulk of a fellow before! His six feet of length seemed a dozen; and his hands and feet were something abnormal. He was afraid he was too big to get into that chair, and was surprised to find that he wasn't.

The seat was so high that his head towered far above that of his tormentor, who deftly turned a screw and lowered him to a convenient poise.

There was no consciousness of aught but the most humdrum matter in the voice which ordered him to "Lay your head back, if you please, and open your mouth, wide."

Her serene indifference restored his composure, and he obeyed her to the letter; indeed, so broadly did the masculine jaws separate, that the effect would have been startling on one less experienced than Dr. Ormesby.

But when her delicate index finger gently moved the corners of those yawning lips, Hugh could not resist his natural impulse. He opened his great brown eyes, and flashed a sentimental glance upon the face that bent over him; but he might as well have tried to flirt with the Sphinx.

"There is considerable inflammation, but no serious trouble. Your teeth are in fine condition."

"Oh, you must be mistaken. I nearly died with this fellow last night. I'm sure it ought to come out."

"Indeed, it should not; it is perfectly sound."

The youth's courage waxed; he looked at her slender wrists maliciously.

"I want it taken out."

She understood the glance, and resented it.

"I could not do so unprofessional an act," she said, moving away.

Hugh remained seated in the chair, endgeling his brain for some new pretext to bring the charming operator back to his side.

"There is a twinge on the other side, in that eye-tooth. Must be something wrong there."

The imperturbable doctor examined the healthy mouth, and shook her head. Not once had she seemed conscious of his admiring glance, or more curious concerning his handsome identity than if he had been some ancient grandsire. There was nothing left for him to do but slip down and out from behind the screen. As he did so, the dentist handed him a small vial. "Bathe your face with this lotion, occasionally, and the trouble will be cured."

Her tone was very quiet, but Hugh fancied the bright eyes twinkled.

"Thank you. Now—please to tell me your charge."

"Nothing, of course."

"That is scarcely business-like."

"Oh, under the circumstances, quite so. The

value of the liniment is as trifling as the service you required." Again that twinkling eyelash.

She glanced carelessly at a card he offered her, introducing him upon the staff of the *Gotham High-flyer*.

"I am on a tramp-trip through this section, writing it up for our paper. Excuse me, you are the first woman I have ever met in your profession. Do you object to being interviewed?"

"Not in the least. I should consider it a good advertisement."

"Cool and shrewd," thought Scribner, "but she doesn't seem unwomanly."

He looked at a chair longingly, then dubiously at his soiled garments.

She smiled, and rolled it towards him, taking another herself.

"Well, then," Hugh propounded, pad in hand, "how did you choose your vocation?"

"From the necessity of earning my own living. Nearly everything is overcrowded—dentistry is not; at least, by women."

"Did you study regularly?"

"Certainly. I was graduated from the P—Dental College. There is my diploma over your head."

Numberless questions he put, and she answered patiently.

"Allow me one more, and I will end this cross-examination. Does—?" he hesitated, glancing about the well-appointed room.

She finished his question, "Does it pay? Yes, thank God"—and her smile made her beautiful—"it does pay."

Her thoughts seemed to wander off into some unknown, happy land, and she rose, to terminate the interview.

There was nothing more the young fellow dared to ask, though volumes more he would have liked to know.

An inspiration came to him.

"I am going to 'do' Millsburgh and its manufacturing thoroughly, so shall be here some time. I hope we may meet again. Will you allow me to call?"

"Should you need my professional services, certainly; otherwise it will not be necessary."

"Well snubbed for that fib! lying is in this air, and I've caught it! only I'll make it the truth. I will 'do' Millsburgh," thought Hugh, getting himself out of the room as gracefully as he could, and wending his way hotel-ward. "What a susceptible idiot I am! I've had a dozen attacks before! but, Hugh Scribner, if I can diagnose these premonitory symptoms correctly, this one'll be worse than the toothache!"

It was.

The journalist lingered in the busy town, and fared better than his deserts. His landlord gave him a first-class room and every attention, with some dissertations upon the community at large gratis.

Fortune favors the valiant. Having exhausted the art of flirtation, Scribner now began to take serious lessons in loving.

The landlord's pretty daughter was a fast friend of Dr. Ormesby, and described that young woman's devotion to her bankrupt father and little sisters; told how she had been the idol of Vassar, and had astonished that famous feminine fraternity by her "new departure"; and how, recovering their breath, they had applauded her independence and honored her filial affection.

"But she will never marry," concluded Lucie Garrett, positively.

Hugh started guiltily. Not much escapes the ken of these bright, nineteenth-century girls, and he felt his "secret" was transparent to this one.

"What are the doctor's objections? I thought matrimony entered somewhat largely into every woman's perspective?"

"It doesn't, then! That is where men are mistaken. It used, I suppose; but now, why, with our palettes and easels, our little type-writers, our titles of M.D., our editorial chairs, we are far too wide-awake. With me, of course, it's different. I'm not so very strong-minded, and Paul and I became engaged when we were too young to know any better. So, I presume we shall go on to the commonplace end."

Fair Lucie heaved a comical sigh.

"Confess now you like your bondage," adjured the young writer. He was long since her own, as her father's, warm friend.

"Well, maybe!" up went the shapely shoulders in a dainty shrug; "but you must know I was the weak-brained member of my class."

"Then, if it's sweet to you to be cared for, it must be so for every woman. Listen," said Hugh, boldly; "I love Georgette Ormesby. You have found that out. Now, help me to win her; tell me her insuperable objections to men, and aid me to overcome them."

Lucie was touched; being wholly feminine, she was a natural match-maker.

"Well, you see," shaking her small forefinger emphatically at him, "Georgette hasn't any use for your kind, except in the abstract—in her dental chair—to torture their mouths and their pockets. She is the bread-winner for her family. I never heard her say, but I know how she'd feel. She couldn't ask any man to support her old father and little sisters; and she wouldn't if she could. And when she wants a Directoire gown or a panay bonnet, she doesn't have to ask some grumbling man for it! She just sits down to her desk and sends her order and her check. That's better than your matrimony, isn't it?"

"Maybe; maybe not."

Hugh laid his plans more wisely after that little talk.

Georgette Ormesby should be his wife; that was a foregone conclusion; but his besiegement of her heart took a new form.

In the privacy of her own sanctum she acknowledged to herself that she felt that invulnerable fortress to be giving way before his resolute attack, so long continued. For all the Winter had sped away, broken up by young Scribner's weekly

visits to Millsburgh, by numerous sleighing and toboggan parties, by all the impromptu gayeties which youth and love make possible. The greatest breach was made, of course, in an unexpected quarter.

The doctor returned to her father's house one evening at an unaccustomed hour, to find the old gentleman playing dominos with the audacious scribbler who had so long disturbed her peace. Was nothing sacred from this fellow, who would not understand her avoidance of him? Her office, her friends' houses, her festivities, these were free to everybody; but her home!

"Well, daughter, I'm glad you happened home. Mr. Scribner comes in every time he is in Millsburgh, to have a bit of a game and bring me news of the town. I am pleased to have you meet him at last, he has been so very kind."

Georgette stopped short, her lips parting to utter an indignant protest; but the unblushing newsmonger arose and bowed with the obsequious gravity of a stranger.

This was too much effrontery; and the angry woman fled, to work off her vexation in a walk.

She did not heed the soft beauty all about her—the bursting buds and springing grass, the gentle trickling of little rills in the outlying fields—till the town was well behind her, and she stood upon a foot-bridge above the Moodna, with the peeping moon to watch her.

"The spring-time, the spring-time! The only pretty ring-time!"

Nature's hour of universal love. Its influence stole over her and melted the obdurate heart, till there were very weak and womanish tears in the eyes which watched the wavelets creeping in and out beneath her slender resting-place.

And so, at last, she owned to her own self that she was conquered. She did love this bright, ingratiating, generous fellow who had shown such devotion to her! But then, he should never know it—never!

"Having chosen my calling, I will live it to the end!"

To strengthen her resolve, she murmured the words to the brooklet; but a voice—not the brooklet's—made answer: "Quite right, my darling; only I beg that you will live it by my side!"

Oh, ye treacherous moonbeams! is no place hidden from the ubiquitous presence of this creature? None, where you are, little woman, nor ever will be.

"See, Georgette, my sweetheart! there are tear-drops on your eyelids. Confess, brave girl, that the siege has been too hard for you—that you capitulate! Kiss me, my love, for true."

She put him from her and faced him, the tattered flag of her independence still waving over her.

"May I still keep up my business for papa's, for all our sakes?"

He hesitated, the pride of manhood roused; but a searching look at the firm, sweet mouth convinced him that in parley, not opposition, lay his victory.

"Till you relinquish it of your own free will, dearest."

Then she bowed her head and folded her hands, standing before him meekly, as women will when the siege is over; and like all men and conquerors, he selfishly claimed the tribute due.

When the June roses bloomed, there were two brides in Millsburgh; and one of them, pretty Lucie, went straightway to her housekeeping and home-making, after the manner of her kind. The other hung out a new and glittering sign of "G. Ormesby-Scribner, Dentist," while her railing husband watched and calmly bided his time.

He wondered how long it would swing there, creaking in the wind, quite certain that, eventually, the home would oust the career, and his triumph be complete.

ST. ANDREW'S THANKSGIVING DINNER.

THE second annual free Thanksgiving dinner given by Mrs. J. M. Lamadrid at the headquarters of the St. Andrew's One-Cent Coffee Stands, No. 215 Madison Street, was a most cheery and successful affair.

During the afternoon, over a thousand people were served, under the personal direction of Mrs. Lamadrid, Mrs. Frank Leslie, and a number of enthusiastic assistants, with a really first-rate and unexceptionable dinner, consisting of turkey with cranberry-sauce, roast beef, ham, potatoes, cabbage, onions, cheese, and dessert of pie, fruit and coffee. How they liked it! and how cordially appreciative they were! There was plenty for all who came, not to speak of some 600 dinners that had been sent out in baskets to poor homes in different parts of the city, during the morning.

At the six one-cent stands, too, the same festival bill of fare was served, so that altogether about 5,000 men, women and children partook of the St. Andrew's dinner. How the headquarters looked, at the wretched hour of dinner, the artist shows us on page 265.

AN ELECTRICAL BOMBARDMENT AT SEA.

THE Swedish bark *Edvard*, loaded with iron ore, which recently arrived in the port of New York from Havre, passed through a thrilling experience in one of the grandest electrical storms that ever struck terror to the heart of man.

The bark was in the Gulf Stream, for which she had run under reefed topsails before a strong north-east wind, and at midnight the weather was what the seamen call "dirty and ugly."

A regular gale came up from the east, and lightning began to play in the heavens. "At half-past three o'clock in the morning," says Captain Akermark, "the men were bracing the main-yards, when their work was interrupted by a loud crash of thunder and an explosion which sounded to us like the report of a thousand cannon. The lightning struck the main rigging directly over the men, and at the same moment a ball of fire, just like a shell, bobbed about the rigging and then exploded. When the ball of fire exploded, streaks of flame darted in every direction. It was just like the falling of stars. For miles around the sea was illuminated, and every cord in our rigging shone

like strands of silver. The brilliancy was but momentary, and we were left in darkness. In less than five minutes, and before we had recovered from the shock of the previous bolt, another terrible flash of lightning, followed by an explosion of another ball of fire, sent us scurrying in every direction for shelter. We were all thoroughly frightened. The crew could not do any work. But our fears and astonishment were destined to be still further increased. Just as we were getting on our feet again, and thanking God that we had escaped with our lives, there was another thrilling display. I was standing on the quarter-deck and the men were about to again attempt to brace the main-yard. Suddenly, and with a terrible sound, a flash of lightning broke right above the main rigging, and out of it we could see another ball of fire playing above the rigging from the starboard side right over to the port side. It, too, exploded, but with a noise and scattering of flaming fragments which sunk the previous ones into comparative insignificance. I was dazed, and when I recovered sight and sense not one of my men was upon his feet. The whole crew was prostrate—some tumbling about on top of each other, some crying with fear, and others stretched on their backs as though they had been struck dead. As soon as the crew was able to get around I made a thorough examination of the vessel and rigging. It was not injured in the least, and showed no signs whatever of the awful flouide.

Our picture is drawn from detailed descriptions by Captain Akermarck, and sketches made by our artist on board the bark after her arrival in port.

THE STORM ALONG THE COAST.

SEVERAL days of rough weather at sea culminated on Saturday night and Sunday morning, November 24th-25th, in a wild and disastrous storm of wind, rain, sleet and snow, which swept the entire coast-line of the New England and Middle States. On the land, its effects were not comparable to those of the great March blizzard, but it outdid that memorable phenomenon in its ravages on the sea, and in the bays, harbors and sounds. From the rocks of Maine to the sands of Cape Henry, the shores were literally strewn with wrecks. Every day last week, as belated reports came in, new names were added to the list of boats missing or known to be lost; while the number of persons who perished is probably nearer a hundred than fifty, as early estimates gave it. And yet the life-savers, both regular and volunteer, never worked more heroically, or rescued greater numbers of shipwrecked mariners.

The rock-bound Bay of Massachusetts probably witnessed the greatest destructive fury of the storm, which centered in the vicinity of Block Island. More than a score of vessels were wrecked or stranded about the entrance to Boston Harbor alone. Captain Joshua James and his volunteer life-saving crew, of Hull, rescued twenty-eight persons from disabled vessels. The wreck which cost the greatest loss of life was that of the iron coal-steamer *Albion*, foundered off Cohasset. At least twenty persons were on board, and all are supposed to have perished. Fifteen lives were lost in the wreck of the fishing-schooner *Ethelred Norton*, at Scituate, but one of the crew of sixteen being saved. At Atlantic Hill, on Monday morning, in a terrific sea, a surf-boat was sent out under the direction of Captain James Anderson, of Crescent Beach, and Captain Brown, of the Government Station at North Scituate, to rescue five men who could be discovered in the rigging of a helpless vessel. A line was shot over the wreck with the Hunt gun, and as soon as the life-boat got within hailing distance, a nearly exhausted seaman crawled out from under a furled sail on the mizzen-top and came down the shrouds. The rescuers threw him a line, which he fastened around his body. He jumped into the sea and was rapidly drawn into the boat. The waves continually beat the boat back, and for nearly an hour the rescuers struggled before they succeeded in reaching and holding their desired position. The men in the rigging were terribly exhausted, but, one after the other, four of them descended in safety, jumping overboard, and, like the first, were drawn into the boat. It was then discovered that the fifth sailor in the rigging was a corpse, and his body was left in its icy resting-place. These sailors belonged to the schooner *H. O. Higginson*, Captain Fales, from Hillsboro, N. B., with plaster, from Newburgh, N. Y. When the storm struck the vessel, Captain Fales and one seaman refused to go aloft, and they were swept overboard. The others took to the rigging, where the steward, being unable to withstand the cold, died early Sunday morning, and was lashed to the mast by his companions, there to be left to ride out the storm. The brigantine *Albion* drifted ashore and broke up, having been abandoned by her crew. At Nantasket Beach, five large vessels, one of them a brigantine, lay crushed in the sand. Nearly all the bathing-beaches of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Long Island, Coney Island, and down the New Jersey coast, were swept and torn up, pavilions, hotels, and other structures, being carried out to sea bodily. Many of the coastwise passenger-steamers, as well as those on Long Island Sound and the Hudson River, either postponed their trips or sought shelter in friendly harbors.

Remarkable havoc was wrought with a fleet of barges laden with coal, which left Bergen Point, N. J., during Saturday night. There were fifteen barges in the fleet, and they were arranged five abreast and tightly lashed together, in tow of the tug *Bordenston*. At one o'clock it was apparent that something must be done to change the course of the tow, or else every boat would go to the bottom, for at that time immense waves of dark-green sea-water were piling over the bows. When, at last, the attention of the captain of the *Bordenston* was attracted, he was signaled to put about. He did so, and immediately the strain on the vessels ceased, but presently he again changed the course, and in an instant the heavily loaded craft were again at the mercy of the wind and waves. Then the lashings parted, and the *Tillie Hughes* glided up the side of a watery mountain, was poised on the crest for an instant, and then plunged head first into the depths of the sea. Fortunately, the crew had fled to the neighboring vessel before the hawser parted. It was very dark, but the gloom was not so deep that the terrified men and women could not see what was going on about them. One barge after another sunk, until only five were left, and upon these were grouped the almost panic-stricken men and women. Presently the tug *Willie* hove in sight from Bergen Point and rescued the unfortunate.

A German ship broke from her moorings and was driven upon the rocks of Staten Island, and many more or less serious mishaps befell the numerous craft in New York Bay. Several vessels went ashore and broke up at the Delaware Breakwater. The crew of one of these were rescued from the rigging exhausted and nearly frozen.

At the Jersey sea-side resorts the storm did great damage. Mighty seas rolled over the narrow neck of sand that joins the Sandy Hook peninsula with the main-land, at the base of the Navesink Highlands. It was a sublime spectacle, but did serious damage, tearing a wide breach in the railroad embankment, and twisting the rails like ribbons. Several of the big piers, the famous board-walk, rows of bath-houses and other buildings at Atlantic City, were washed away. The velocity of the gale, as registered at the various signal stations, was from fifty to eighty miles an hour.

This memorable November storm, some of whose effects in various localities our artists have depicted in a series of thrilling pictures, was one of those disturbances of ocean origin which baffle the weather-wise and take Old Probabilities quite unawares.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE CASE OF PRADO.

THE details of the celebrated case of the adventurer Prado, now under sentence of death at Paris for the murder of an unfortunate woman named Marie Agnès, three years ago, are familiar to most newspaper readers. Prado, whose origin and past life, and even his nationality, are veiled in mystery, had a predecessor in Pranzini, who was guillotined in Paris less than two years ago. This latest combination of a Don Juan, petty thief and cold-blooded assassin appears to have exercised an extraordinary fascination over various women with whom he came in contact. Two of these, besides his unfortunate Spanish wife, have appeared in court—Madame Forestier to testify against him, and young Maurice Couronneau to reveal a painful struggle between affection not yet dead and a sense of the cruel wrongs she has suffered from the seducer.

MÉLENITE PROJECTILES IN FRANCE.

In the interesting artillery experiments at the Chalons military camp, of which a picture is given, the Bange siege-mortar, adopted in 1880, was charged with mélenite shells, containing some thirty kilograms of the explosive. At a range of from 5,000 to 5,500 meters, these projectiles were brought to bear with destructive effect upon escarpment walls and casemates, and proved themselves also capable of making some impression on the movable armored turret of modern defense. Experiments are making to charge cannon-cartridges with a new, smokeless powder similar to that used in the Lebel rifle, the original material used for the manufacture of mélenite having become scarce and costly.

KING GEORGE'S JUBILEE.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of King George I. of the Hellenes was celebrated with much popular rejoicing and enthusiasm at Athens last month. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince George of Wales, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Russian Grand Dukes Sergius and Paul, and other distinguished personages, visited the Greek capital to be present at the festivities. Warships were sent by all the Mediterranean powers to the Piræus to do honor to the occasion, making a superb display. The festivities comprised the inauguration of an exhibition, a grand *Te Deum* service at the Cathedral, to which the royal party went in grand procession, various state receptions, a ball, and a general illumination of the city and Acropolis.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Mr. Alderman Whitehead, the new Lord Mayor of London, is the youngest son of the late Mr. James Whitehead, of Appleby, Cumberland. He was born in 1834, was educated at the Appleby Grammar School, and early in life entered into what is known as the Bradford trade, coming to London in 1860. He met with exceptional success, and was enabled to retire from business in 1881. In 1882, on the death of Mr. Alderman Balfour, he was returned without a contest for the Ward of Cheap. In 1884-85 he served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex. In politics Mr. Whitehead is an advanced Liberal, but hitherto he has been unsuccessful in obtaining a seat in Parliament. Lord Mayor Whitehead, upon his inauguration, established a worthy, though not popularly commended, precedent, in dispensing with the traditional mummery of the "Lord Mayor's Show."

HOW CAMELS ARE FATTENED FOR MARKET.

THE Springfield *Republican* remarks: "Moorish traders in camels seem to be no more honest than Yankee traders in horses have the reputation of being. The author of 'Among the Arabs' describes as follows one of their tricks, which, according to his account, only an expert is likely to detect. On one occasion, while in an Arab village, he declared his intention of buying a young camel. No sooner had his desire become known than at least twenty camels were brought for his inspection. They were all fine-looking animals, in excellent condition, apparently. In fact, the only fault our Frenchman could perceive was that they were too fat. After a proper amount of deliberation and bargaining, he selected the one which appeared to be the leanest, and paid the price agreed upon. The next morning, when he went to look at his fat camel, he found a living skeleton, on whose almost fleshless bones the skin hung in large folds, and whose best development was about the joints.

"The method by which the camels are suddenly 'fattened' for the market is thus described: An incision about an inch in length is made in each ear between the skin and the flesh. Into this a small tube is fitted and secured by a silk cord. There it remains, hidden from the observation of all but the initiated, and ready for use at any moment. When a merchant who is not acquainted with the blowing-up trick comes to buy a camel, the dealer takes two tubes, each a yard long, and inserting one end of each in the small tubes just described, through the other ends two Arabs blow with all their might, until the animal has attained the requisite degree of plumpness. The inflating-tubes are then withdrawn, and the air is prevented from escaping by means of a cork smeared with pitch. The poor animal now becomes apparently quite lively and frisky, trying to throw itself on the ground, or to press against the wall or a tree, or whatever other object may be at hand, so as to get rid of the wind. Sometimes it manages to elude the vigilance of the Arab, and if the cork is not very securely fastened, the wind escapes with a whistle like that of a steam-engine, and the fine-looking beast suddenly collapses."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

MARYLAND'S oyster navy costs over \$60,000 a year.

THE next Administration runs to Scripture names, even as far as the private secretary—Benjamin, Levi and Elijah.

It is reported from Norway that, since the removal of the tax on whisky, insanity has increased 50 per cent. and idiocy 150 per cent.

THE single item of flowers for entertainments given by a New York millionaire and his wife in the course of the year amounted to \$15,000.

PRINCE FERDINAND of Bulgaria has donated 2,000,000 francs for the furtherance of an official scheme for the establishment of a national Bulgarian university at Sofia.

PLANS are being matured at Berlin for a great German national monument to Emperor William I. The Government has offered 100,000 marks in prizes for the best designs.

THE Pope proposes to establish diplomatic relations with Russia, the same as between the Vatican and Germany, a Russian Minister being sent to the Vatican, but no Nuncio to St. Petersburg.

"AMERICAN citizens only will be employed by this company as drivers and conductors." This notice has been placed in the office of the Atlantic Avenue Railroad Company in Brooklyn, in accordance with a resolution adopted at a recent meeting of the Board of Directors. The rule does not apply to those already in the company's employ.

COMMISSIONER MILLER reports that the American people consumed more than seventy million gallons of whisky last year, besides 24,680,219 barrels of beer. There is no cause for people to be alarmed for fear the supply will not hold out, for there are over 93,000,000 gallons of whisky on hand at present in the various warehouses throughout the country.

EXCITING times are predicted at the polls in Boston on December 11th, when it may become necessary for the wardens and vote-inspectors to "fire out" numbers of excited women who, having simply been assessed, and not having been registered nor paid their fifty-cent tax-bills, come to the voting-places supposing that they have a right to cast their ballots.

THE Common Council of Reading, Pa., has passed an ordinance making it unlawful for any contractor on public works, such as sewers, reservoirs, public buildings and the like, to employ any but citizens of the United States. It is said that the ordinance emanates from labor organizations in Reading, and that it is part of a concerted effort to be made in all the leading cities to put a stop to the importation of foreign-contract labor.

THE record of the Pennsylvania High-license Law in cutting down the number of saloons in Philadelphia from 6,000 to 1,300 is a most gratifying one, but it counts for little compared with the far more weighty proof of the efficiency of the law in the diminution of drunkenness and crime. The *Press* of that city says that during the five full months that the law has been in operation, from June 1st to November 1st, the commitments to the County Prison show a decrease of 5,099, or 62 per cent. over the corresponding period of last year. In the same time the commitments to the House of Correction show a diminution of 840, or 68 per cent. The commitments of white women to both the above places were reduced more than one-half, a proof of the diminution of street-walking and the improvement of the morals of the city.

THE United States ought to be well represented in the scientific and antiquarian departments, as well as the industrial, at the forthcoming Paris Universal Exposition. A large section in the Palace of Liberal Arts has been set apart for a "Retrospective Exposition of Industrial Work and Anthropological Sciences," which is being organized by the French Minister of Commerce, together with G. Berger, Director-general of the Exposition. The general classification will comprise anthropological and ethnographical sciences, liberal arts, arts and trades, means of transportation and military arts. In each of these sections will be objects of all ages and countries, which will be entered in a special catalogue. All persons who possess objects that would add to the value and interest of this collection, and who desire to lend them to the French Government, can obtain additional information from Somerville P. Tuck, United States Assistant Commissioner-general, at No. 1 Broadway. The French Government will pay the expenses of exhibition and freight on objects worthy of exhibition.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

NOVEMBER 24TH.—In Troy, N. Y., Commodore Cicero Price, U. S. N., aged 62 years. November 25th.—In Buffalo, N. Y., ex-Collector Rodney W. Daniels, aged 54 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., Carl Rankin, the minstrel; in Knoxville, Tenn., the Rev. R. D. Thomas, the distinguished scholar and divine of the Welsh Congregational Church, aged 71 years. November 26th.—In New York, James J. Kelso, ex-Superintendent of Police, aged 66 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., General Augustus Morse, aged 72 years; in Canandaigua, N. Y., Henry O. Chesbro; in Westchester, Pa., Judge J. Smith Futhey, aged 68 years. November 28th.—In New York, Mrs. Ellen Ewing Sherman, wife of General Sherman, aged 64 years; in Corona, L. I., Isaac L. Moe, of the Bureau of Emigration, New York, aged 52 years; in Chicago, Ill., Charles L. Dresslein, the well-known stenographer; in New York, James Graves, lapidary and diamond merchant, aged 62 years. November 29th.—In New York, Colonel Mahlon Randolph, aged 66 years; in New York, Elias R. Powers, aged 69 years; in New York, Samuel T. Ross, Treasurer of the Maryland Coal Company; in Tampa, Fla., Fish Commissioner Joseph R. Elkinson, of New Jersey; in New York, Maturin Livingston, aged 73 years; in Greensburg, Pa., Samuel Dobson, Superintendent of the Southwest Pennsylvania Railroad, aged 65 years; in Newport, R. I., James Eddy Murran, the well-known author and archaeologist; in Rochester, Pa., General Thomas J. Power, the veteran civil engineer, aged 81 years. November 30th.—In Salem, Mass., William H. Foster, for sixty years cashier of the Asiatic Bank, aged 91 years; in Baltimore, Md., E. Austin Jenkins, aged 82 years; in Paris, France, Mrs. T. T. Pitman ("Margery Dean"), the well-known writer, of Newport, R. I.; in Newark, N. J., ex-School Commissioner Edwin Putnam, aged 55 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Joseph Perry Holbrook, of the Home Life Insurance Company, aged 66 years; in Otego, N. Y., Harvey Hunt, a prominent local politician, etc., aged 81 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

LORD SALISBURY, the British Premier, has declared himself in favor of woman suffrage.

UNITED STATES SENATOR MORGAN, of Alabama, has been re-elected for a term of six years.

It seems to be settled that General Goff has been elected Governor of West Virginia by a majority of 148.

MR. CARTER HARRISON, ex-Mayor of Chicago, is said to be arranging to enter journalism as chief editor of some Democratic daily paper.

MME. HASTREITER, formerly of the American Opera Company, has created a sensation in Rome by her performance in Gluck's "Orpheus."

THE Nineteenth Century Club has elected Daniel Greenleaf Thompson to the presidency made vacant by the death of Courtlandt Palmer.

M. HERTENSTEIN, President of Switzerland, who recently underwent the amputation of his right leg because of disease of the arteries, is dead.

CARL SCHURZ returned home from Germany last week. His eldest son, whose illness was the occasion of the trip abroad, has recovered his health.

It is thought that Joseph Goodrich Cannon, the veteran Representative from the Danville district in Illinois, will be Speaker of the next House of Representatives.

GENERAL BEN BUTLER, who was asked to reply to the question, "Should women propose?" declined an answer on the plea that he was "past having any interest in it."

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARRISON, replying to a letter from a South Carolina editor in regard to his Southern policy, says that he is surprised that unfriendliness towards the South should be imputed to him.

SIR FRANCIS CLARE FORD is mentioned as the probable successor to Lord Sackville at Washington. He has had a long diplomatic career, and since February, 1878, has been the British Minister at Madrid.

MRS. GENERAL SHERIDAN's name was added to the pension-roll last Wednesday. She will get \$30 a month, which she will surrender after the passage in Congress of a pending Bill proposing to grant her \$3,500 a year.

MR. HENRY GEORGE is in London. In a recent address there he said that the grasping for land in America was rapidly making that country similar to England. He wanted to abolish landlordism, and to grant to every child a share in the soil.

GENERAL BOULANGER's wife is taking steps to obtain a divorce. It is stated that one of the richest widows in France is willing to marry the general, and that she will furnish a large sum of money to assist in the promotion of his political schemes.

ONE of the events of Washington this Winter will be the marriage of Baron Zedwitz, recently appointed German Minister to Mexico, but till recently Secretary of the German Legation, and Miss Caldwell, who gave \$50,000 to the Catholic University, which her elder sister started with a gift of \$300,000.

EX-EMPERESS EUGÈNE's physicians are endeavoring to induce her to depart from her present mournful existence and to mingle to some extent in the world. Queen Victoria and Princess Beatrice seek to provide distraction for her by giving musical soirées, the invitations to which she cannot easily decline.

THE monument to John McCullough, the actor, was unveiled on Wednesday, November 28th, at his grave in Mount Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia. Mr. Steele Mackaye delivered an oration; and Mr. William Winter, one of the tragedians' most intimate friends during the last twenty years of his life, read a poem.

MR. POWDERLY says he is sorry that he has been re-elected General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor. "I might," he says, "have stepped into a better thing. A position had been offered me which meant more money and less work. In fact, the papers were drawn up and about ready to be signed by which I would have received \$8,000 for about three months' work."

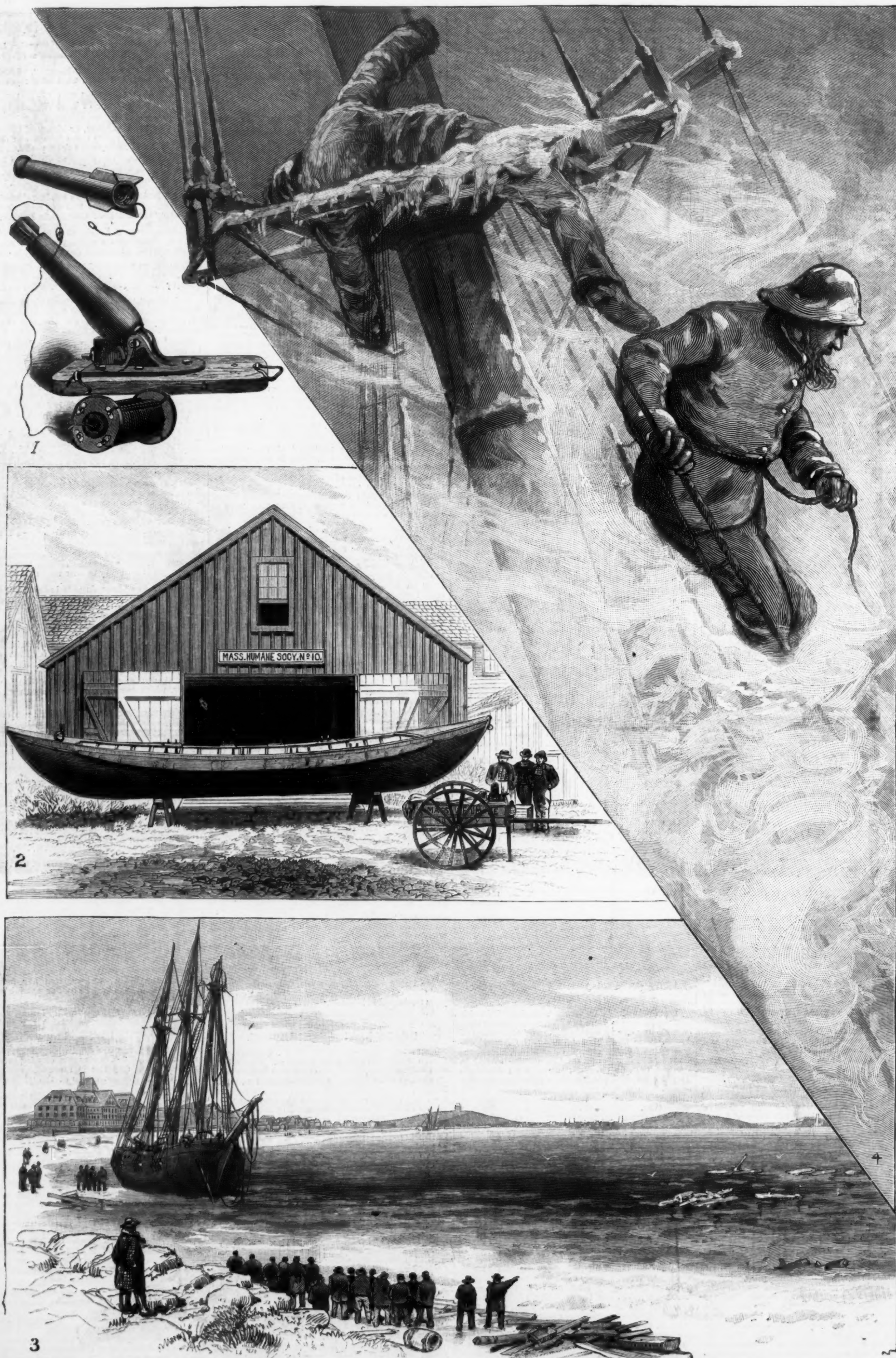
MISS BELLE WILSON, daughter of Mr. Richard Wilson, the wealthy New York banker, was married, last week, to Mr. Michael Henry Herbert, of the British Legation, and at present acting as *Chargé d'Affaires* at Washington. Among other presents, the bride received from her father a check for \$250,000, and from her mother a diamond tiara.

MME. MUNEMITSU MUTSU, wife of the Japanese Minister at Washington, entertains her intimate friends with music on the "koto," the Japanese piano. It is 6 feet long by about 8 inches wide, and the silk strings are drawn lengthwise on the rounded top. Mme. Mutsu is a clever performer on the "koto," and she is especially acceptable when she renders the music of the "Mikado."

GENERAL CLUSERET, the communist candidate, has been elected a member of the French Chamber of Deputies for the Department of the Var by a majority of 4,000 votes. General Cluseret served under McClellan and Fremont during the War of the Rebellion, and subsequently resided for a time in New York. Returning to France, he became identified with the communists, and has been twice sentenced to death.

It is said that Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria is a very clever surgeon, and in one of the hospitals at Madrid recently operated on a woman suffering from cancer of the breast with complete success. His relative, Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, the brother of the Empress of Austria, is both an oculist and a surgeon, and very skillful. When the Duke is at Vienna, he often passes his whole day at the General Hospital, and if any arms or legs are to be cut off, he hastens joyfully to the work.

GENERAL SHERMAN will have the sympathy of the country in the bereavement he has suffered in the death of his wife at the age of sixty-four years. Mrs. Sherman was a woman of strong character, and universally beloved. Her father was Senator Thomas Ewing, who represented his State in the Senate for a number of years, and was also a Cabinet officer. Mrs. Sherman was one of the most active Roman Catholics in America. She was one of the trustees of "Peter's Pence" in America, and, shortly before his death, Pope Pius IX. sent her, on the anniversary of his pontificate, a rosary of solid gold with a fragment of "the true cross" set in the crucifix as a gem. She had been admitted to the confidences of the Church, and bishops and archbishops often went to her for advice.



1. THE HUNT GUN, USED FOR THROWING LIFE-LINES. 2. STATION AND LIFE-BOAT AT MARBLEHEAD. 3. NANTASKET BEACH: BOSTON LIGHT IN THE DISTANCE. 4. THE LAST REMAINING SURVIVOR OF THE "HIGGINSON" PREPARING TO LEAP FROM THE RIGGING.

THE LATE DISASTROUS STORM ON THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

FROM SKETCHES BY FRANK ADAMS.—SEE PAGE 267.



THE RECENT TERRIBLE STORM ON THE NEW JERSEY COAST.—SCENE NEAR HIGHLAND STATION, ON THE NEW JERSEY SOUTHERN RAILROAD—GIGANTIC WAVES SWEEPING ACROSS THE PENINSULA.

FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 267.



AFTER THE STORM ON THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST.—SEARCHING FOR THE BODIES OF DROWNED SEAMEN OFF SCITUATE.

FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK ADAMS.—SEE PAGE 267.

For Dayber's Echo:

THE
ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.BY
CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,AUTHOR OF
"THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF
TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED).

"WHAT has been your pay?" demanded Mr. Dayber. Mr. Anson informed him, and Mr. Dayber whistled softly to himself. "If that isn't pretty heavy for a gardener and coachman's assistant and man-of-all-work," he said, harshly, "then I don't understand the proper relation of labor to capital. I doubt if the old lady—er—er—as you called her—pays Gerald Graeme more than that. But my—my—my librarian, or private secretary, or whatever else you choose to call yourself, shall never complain of his compensation. Your salary is now doubled; do you understand that?"

"I do. And I thank you."
"You needn't. I'm doing this because I like you. I like you because you've got good sense. I like you, no matter what you are or who you are. It doesn't make any difference to me whether you are Arnold Anson or Benedict Arnold, and—"

"Suppose we consider the matter we came here to speak about."

"Agreed. I—I—but what was it?"

"Have you forgotten? It was Mrs. Dayber."

"So it was."

"Exactly. Now, you agree that she's setting a spy on you?"

"I know she is." This was true. He had remembered, finally, that it was his own act.

"What for?"

"Well, you see, she thinks I may go mad."

"You? You go mad?" cried the young man, with simulated surprise.

"She thinks so," said Nathan, in a pained and complaining tone.

Anson shook his head.

"It's a sad case," he muttered, gloomily, though loud enough for Mr. Dayber to hear; "a very sad case. There's nothing more common among the insane than a suspicion of the sanity of others, and—"

"Is that so?" cried Nathan, his broken intellect drifting hither and thither as this younger man would it should.

Anson started violently.

"I was not aware I was thinking aloud," he said, very gravely, "but what I was thinking—or saying—is true beyond a doubt."

"I thought so," cried the insane man, catching at the new idea thrust upon him, and imagining it to be his own, and not a new one; "I thought so, and I have feared for my wife's sanity for many, many—"

"You mean, don't you—?" began Anson.

"Of course. I mean that I've known for a long time that she is out of her right mind. I have not had a doubt of it. No man could have."

"No sane man," commented, or corrected, Anson, gravely.

"True. No sane man," agreed Dayber, with much emphasis.

"You fear Miss Maude is getting to like that rascal Graeme, do you not?" asked Anson.

"I fear so."

"And he—"

"Loves her, of course," broke in Nathan; "who could help it?"

"He could," said Anson, sententiously.

"But how?" cried Nathan, his fatherly loyalty responding to the challenge that he felt had been given it.

"How? I don't know. I cannot comprehend. But he loves—"

"Her—"

"No! Her money!"

"Ah?"

"I will swear to it, if you wish me to do so. I will risk my reputation, my honor, my good name, on the truth of it."

And if there was anything faulty in the form of Anson's forcible proposition, poor Nathan Dayber could not see it.

"My poor, poor girl!" was all he could say.

Yes, Nathan Dayber, your poor, poor girl!

"We must get rid of him," suggested Anson.

"We must," assented Nathan.

"But how?"

"I don't know. I can't think. You must think for me. You will think for me, will you not?"

"I will try. Can we depend on the girl?"

"She will obey me."

"In all things?"

"I think so."

Anson shut his teeth sharply together. A long, sighing breath shook him. His fingers clutched greedily, though nothing more tangible than air was within his reach.

"Good," said he, gloatingly.

Perhaps the dazed memory of the man near him was groping helplessly and almost hopelessly in the debris of the chaotic ruin of his former mighty mind. If so, he found a father's loving faith nearest to his feeble, palsied search. Possibly, however, he merely misunderstood Anson's meaning.

"She is good," he said, simply.

"And we must not run any risk of interference from her mother, for—"

"Interference? Why, man, her mother loves her as never woman loved a girl before. She would do anything for her, suffer anything for her, die for her, even, if there were need of that."

In his excitement Nathan had risen to his feet, and advanced almost threateningly towards Anson.

"I don't doubt all that," replied Anson, coldly; "indeed, I am ready to believe more than that."

But what about her mental condition? Have you forgotten that?"

"I—I had forgotten that," stammered Nathan, sinking into his chair again, white-faced and trembling; "I had surely forgotten that for a moment. You are right. She must not be allowed to interfere."

"In other words—we must get rid of her."

"You—you—mean—"

"That she isn't to be trusted; that she must be confined in some insane asylum."

"Oh, never! never!" cried Nathan, frightened for a little into almost his former normal condition of mind; "I could never bear to think of that. How could she ever endure the horrors of one of those horrible prisons? How could any one? How could I? Oh, it would drive her mad; it would drive her mad!"

"But you say she is mad now. Have you forgotten that?"

"I—I haven't forgotten that, this time. I remember it all too well—too well. But I think she is not so very mad; not so mad but that she might be cared for in her own home; not so mad that I should wish to send her away from the loving attentions she would receive here; not so mad but that I should feel happier, and—and—and safer, to have her here. When you suggested her possible insanity—"

"Pardon me, but I did not suggest it."

"I—I had forgotten. I am not quite clear-headed this morning. I did not sleep any last night. Did I suggest that she might be insane?"

"No! You asserted that you knew she was."

"Well—I know—she is—and—"

Arnold Anson rose to his feet. His face was very pale. His limbs trembled a little. He hesitated a little as to the words he should use. Looking down upon Nathan Dayber, he was the perfect picture of a relentless human will bent upon swaying another man into full accord with his purposes. And, looking up at Arnold Anson, Nathan Dayber was the picture of one from whom all but a vestige of will has gone utterly away. For good or for evil—for light or darkness—for life or death—what chance has the weaker man against the almost boyish aggressor who has risen up in might against him?

"I beg to decline the promotion you have offered me in your family. I decline the increased salary you have offered me. I will start out this very day to find another situation. Will you kindly give me a few lines of recommendation?"

"You must not go. How can I do without you?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I don't doubt Gerald Graeme will walk into your house within an hour after I walk out; I don't doubt he'll come as often as he pleases, and stay as long as he pleases. But—I'll thank you for dismissal and recommendation."

"I cannot let you go; I will not."

"You can and you shall—unless you act from the side of wisdom, instead of feeling, in this matter. I will not remain longer under the same roof with a woman whose own husband admits—nay, asserts—her mental irresponsibility. I will no longer serve a man whose actions would declare him as mad as she is."

That blow struck home. The bewildered man winced under it. He looked appealingly at his persistent tormentor.

"You—you do not—you cannot—think me insane?" he cried, plaintively.

"No. And yet—a man's acts make or unmake the soundness of mind he may claim. Keep your wife under your roof—and I say there's a pair of you."

"What—what would you have me do?"

"Send the woman away."

"And if not?"

"Then a letter mentioning my good qualities is all I wish from you."

"And if I consent?"

"Then I will stay and serve you—on certain conditions."

"What are the conditions?"

"No matter now. I am not quite ready with them. I have not decided just yet what I shall say to you in making the stipulations regarding my service. I flatter myself, however, that I shall find it easy to convince you of the validity of any claims I may make. I cannot doubt, for a moment, your granting of all I shall ask. But now, the one question is: Is Mrs. Nathan Dayber to stay—or to go?"

"If I can find a way—"

"I will find a way for you; never fear about that."

"Well, then, she shall go!"

Here the young man turned away his head—to cough! It was something strangely like a laugh that he strangled and coerced into that marvelous cough of his. Even Nathan Dayber started and looked troubled at the sound. He might have been more troubled could he have heard, and understood, the words which Arnold Anson muttered, under his breath: "No wise hunter will steal a cub, even from the most inoffensive of beasts, with the mother looking on!"

He said aloud: "I am pleased with the decision you have made. You are doing the wisest thing possible. Indeed, it is almost the only thing possible. And I am more than ready and anxious to assist you in every way in my power."

"On conditions, you said?"

"Certainly. All of life is conditioned and conditional."

"First, then—"

"First, you must understand that all this must be done secretly, and—"

"Why?"

"I don't think I have time to explain fully this morning. Will it satisfy you if I say I think it is best?"

"I suppose it must."

"Very well, then; I say it."

"And—and how?"

"That is easy enough. Armed with the certificates of two physicians, and possibly with that of only one, you can, in this State, send any person to an insane asylum—public or private—and, with the keys once turned in the doors behind her, feel reasonably safe in your conviction that she won't return in a hurry to trouble you."

"Is that true?"

"That is true."

"And—and the two physicians? Where shall we find them?"

"Anywhere—everywhere. But in this case, since we desire the matter kept as secret as possible, we must find men who will regard the whole matter as confidential. We must find an expert—"

"Did you not say two?"

Anson laughed.

"I said two. But one will do. A majority of the profession, doubtless, would be careful, conscientious and modest. A large minority, however, will let a compliment stand as a gauge of ability, and put professional courtesy in the place of personal observation. You'll need one expert to examine into the mental condition of your wife; you will need a second man willing to write his name at the bottom of the first doctor's statement. As for experience—you know there must always be a first time—and it will not matter whether the second ever saw a case of insanity in his life."

"Is that true?"

"That is true."

"It would be—would be—terrible—if—if—if—expert—"

Anson laughed again. He seemed to have an execrable habit of laughing when there was nothing to laugh at.

"If expert evidence were ever sold? Indeed it would. I suppose that very thing happens sometimes. But I acquit most of the medical fraternity of that charge."

"But if I—suppose I—"

"We must all take our chances," said Anson, laughing again; "I'll help you all I can—on the conditions I have in mind."

Nathan Dayber shuddered. "I am almost ready to say that they are accepted unheeded," he said, falteringly; "I had no idea a man's freedom was so uncertain."

"Nor a woman's imprisonment so certain?"

Nathan made no answer. But two big tears rolled down his cheeks, and he muttered, brokenly: "Poor old sweetheart! poor old darling!"

"I am waiting," suggested Anson, after a little.

"Waiting? For what? I don't think I quite understand."

"For you to assure me that you are going to do as I wish; for you to see that your insane wife is a person whose absence is an actual necessity; for you to say that I may help you on my own terms."

Nathan Dayber smiled weakly. The man whose own will had once been so strong and great, reverenced and almost worshiped such marvelous power in another. The man whose will still had lines of action in which its power was pitilessly recoiled from giving up to another person the sovereignty over self.

"You—you have a masterly spirit," he complained; "you have a strong will."

Anson laughed bitterly.

"Yes, I have," he said, simply.

"And so young, too—so young. How old are you?"

"I don't know. That's a part of the story you are too busy and worried to listen to—that's a part of my story. Say I'm nineteen, if you wish; or say I'm twenty-five. It makes no difference to me. And I cannot tell you nearer than that. I should guess the younger age, though, rather than the older, or any one between—shouldn't you?"

"I—I think so—unless I looked into your eyes."

"Ah! So you see more there than elsewhere in my face, do you? There is more there. Those eyes have seen much of what goes on in this world; they have read much of humanity's earliest-inherited secret—the knowledge of good and evil."

"And—and behind them," muttered Nathan, "is a will—such a will!—what a will!" He shuddered.

"Exactly. I suppose I inherited it. One or the other of my parents, or possibly both, must have been as selfish as ever human beings were, and as arrogant of power as the fallen angels themselves. It's a wonderful heritage; perhaps I should say, too, that it's a good one, since they have given me nothing else. But—we are wandering from the question. Shall I examine into Mrs. Dayber's mental condition?"

"You?"

"I said so."

"But we must have a physician."

"Exactly. Well, I am a physician."

"But how—why—"

"I don't know. I cannot tell. Because I had to be, I suppose. The earliest thing I can remember is a fierce desire to study medicine; the earliest resolution I ever made was to decide that I would know all the intricacies of the marvelous science of ki—of curing, I mean. And I knew much of it—by a sort of intuition, as it were—before I could read. I inherited it; I know I inherited it. Curse it, what a fascination it has for me! How I love it! how I loathe it!"

"You have practiced medicine?"

"I can hardly say that. I have been regularly graduated, however. And I have done many other things, even in my short life. Lately, until about the time I came here, I was a student."

"Ah! And studying what?"

"Some phases of chemical investigation."

"Indeed? What better place for that than here? Why may we not, in the happy days to come, study together?"

"It is possible."

"Thank you," said Nathan Dayber, as humbly pleased and grateful as though the young man had been the rightful owner of Dayber's Echo,

instead of being only a hired servant there; "and what else do you study?"

"Problems in morbid psychology."

"Then—if—my—wife—could—remain—"

begin the loyal heart, true always, though brain should fail and intellect go the chaotic way of annihilation. But Anson interrupted him.

"It is impossible," he said, gravely; "it is utterly impossible. I shall need a few days in which to make the necessary arrangements for occupying a legal place in the medical profession of this State. There will be certain documents for me to present to the proper authorities; it may be that I shall have some sort of an examination to pass, though I think that is unlikely. I shall have to be absent several days; but you may be sure I shall lose no more time than is absolutely necessary. You know too well how fully I have your interests at heart to think I would delay or waste precious time."

"Indeed I do."

"I will make arrangements, during my absence, for the placing of Mrs. Dayber in an insane asylum."

"A public one, of course?"

Anson shook his head.

"No, sir," he said, with earnest emphasis; "a private one—of course."

"But—but—"

"Well?"

"You've not examined her yet."

"That will be a mere formality."

"You feel sure she is—is—not in her right mind?"

"I am as sure of it as you are. I shall certify to it without the least hesitation."

"And the other man—the other physician?"

"I'll attend to all that."

"Thank you. But—but—you spoke of conditions? What are your conditions?"

There came a tap at the door of the library—a timid and reluctant tap, it seemed to be. Anson motioned to Nathan to remain seated and silent. He opened the door himself, stepped out, and closed it behind him. Mrs. Dayber stood waiting there.

Anson smiled brightly, and reaching out his hand, took hers and shook it warmly.

"I think everything is all right, Mrs. Dayber," he said, calmly, "and that my vocation will be over here soon. I have watched, studied, tested. You are as likely to be pronounced insane as he is. With your permission, I'll keep the old gentleman to myself a little longer, and then, if nothing unpleasant develops, I want a leave of absence for two or three days."

Mrs. Dayber bowed and smiled. She turned away, to go a lighter-hearted way than had been hers for many long and weary days.

"You'll not need a detective much longer, Mrs. Dayber," he said, quietly, as he stood with his hand on the knob of the library-door.

He bowed again to the lady. He re-entered the library.

"Your conditions?" demanded Mr. Dayber, as the young man resumed his place.

"Well, first, that you let me tell you my story, and—"

"I grant that. Tell it now, if you wish."

"No, not now; it is too long. You'll let me tell you sometime?"

"Certainly."

"Secondly: You will give me your daughter in marriage?"

"But—but—she loves—"

"She thinks she loves a man who is, by your own decision, a wretch and a spy—a man who is never to be allowed to cross your threshold again. She—"

"She loves him; I love her; I must not forget—"

"You are right. You must not forget how he has deceived and cheated her. There will come a time when she will need a protector, and—"

"I know that; I understand that fully. I—I sometimes think I shall not live long after my wife has gone out of my home—and away from the sight of my eyes. Poor—poor—old sweetheart! Poor—old—darling—"

"Who, in that case, would be a better protector than the man who has faithfully served you? And who could fill the place you will leave better than I can?"

"I—I don't know. I—"

"You wouldn't have her marry Gerald Graeme? You surely would not dare to die and leave that possible?"

"She will never marry him. She will be commanded never—never so long as she lives—to speak to him again. And she will obey me."

"Well?"

"But, regarding you, I am not sure. She may refuse to become your wife, and—"

"I love her—love her—love her. I cannot live without her. I will give years of waiting—years of service—for her. And you say she will obey. She will do all that you say, and just what you say. You have only to command—"

"You are right," assented Nathan Dayber, a look of low cunning rising into view in his face; "and it shall be as you wish. She is yours; I say it. And when I say a thing shall be—it shall be."

And this ruined man looked up into the face of the one who was swaying him as he would, and smiled in his belief regarding his own powers.

"Now—now I'd like to know who you are," said Nathan, appealingly. "What is your real name?"

"I don't know."

"But—your parents—"

"I have no idea who they were."

"And—and—"

"Wait! I'll tell you all about it sometime. You have promised that I may."

"But—your—your education—"

"It has been various. I finished it at a place known as Valley Park Academy!"

"Valley—Park—Academy—"

began Nathan,

some instinctive feeling that he had an interest in something that that name suggested seeming to steal up into his weary brain and shine in his watery eyes. But the effort was too great; his long vigil, and the excitement of the morning, had together done their work; for a time—there was nothing to him in anything so suggestive as that. So he concluded as dazedly and dolefully and despairingly as he began: "Valley—Valley—Park—Acad—Academy—"

Arnold Anson smiled. Evidently this morning's work satisfied him. Undoubtedly he had nothing left behind him, since the new day came, for which he had the least regret.

He reached over and took Nathan Dayber by the shoulder—took into his harsh and cruel hand the tender flesh of the man whose servant he had been so little time ago—the man whose money was still to pay him—at least until he saw a way in which to rise still higher himself, and pull Mr. Dayber down to lower levels yet. The madman winced. The saner monster was merciless.

"Say a word to any one," he said, hoarsely, "of what we have said to one another this morning, and when I return I'll sign a document that will shut you up in an insane asylum."

Nathan Dayber looked up quickly, a tender love and a wistful hope shining in his eyes.

"With—with her?" he questioned, eagerly.

"No, alone; and leave her here to do as she wills, and to marry Maude to Gerald Graeme—if she chooses. Do you understand?"

"I—I think so."

"And you'll keep silent?"

"I—I'll try."

"Will you keep silent?"

"I will. Though it will almost kill me to keep my sorrow and my trouble from her. Poor old sweetheart; poor old—poor—poor—poor—"

But Arnold Anson had left the room. He had hurried from the house. He was standing outside now, looking away to the sea, seen shining in the sunshine, and to Echo Rock, with its inarticulate answer to the complainings of the waves.

"Born a rascal—cradled a scoundrel—grown a villain," he muttered bitterly to himself. "Was ever a man more cursed than I am? It would be a pretty piece of poetic justice if God would use such an intellect as mine with which to punish some reckless sinner of an earlier and ancestral generation. Farewell, manhood; good-by, ambition; *au revoir* to all that makes the present bearable and the future hopeful. Let them go; I must; I cannot help it! Heigh-ho! I have hardly glanced at Miss Maude! I wonder what sort of a creature she really is—since the fates elect that I must marry her! I hope she's sensible—and not too sensitive! I hope circumstance will permit me to be decent to her! Restless—restless—restless—all my life—until I came here! Searching—searching—searching—always—until I came here! And now—what? Ready to stake the powers I feel within me for the paltry wealth that Nathan Dayber owns! Ready to sell my soul for this old estate of his! Oh, God! God! Is there no escape? Was there nothing in my mother's heart but a criminal covetousness—an accursed greed? Was my father a thief? Must I see earth's honors pass me by—because I dare not spend the time to win them? Must I imprison an innocent woman? further wreck and ruin a sorely stricken man? and condemn a lovely maiden to a life worse than any horror of sudden death? Must I? I must! There is no escape! There is no other way. A power greater than any finite will holds me in its grasp, and I am weaker than a child. I will give all I am, all I can ever hope to be—peace, honor, my soul's salvation—for this wretched stretch of sand and forest—for this gloomy pile of brick and stone! My brain tells me I am a fool! God knows I know it true. My conscience says—says— But why think of that? My other self—my evil self—some cruel taint of a devilish personality which had grown into a wicked maturity before I had the knowledge to understand or the strength to resist—cries at my elbow, day and night, 'I will; I will, I will!' And I will. I will have Dayber's Echo—or—or— God help me! I wonder why I must have Dayber's Echo?"

(To be continued.)

THE POOR CHILDREN'S WONDERLAND.

THE city toy-stores, those wondrous bazaars of all that is glittering and funny and startling in the latest devices for the amusement of the juvenile world, are radiant centres of delight, in these holiday times. Of course they do a rushing business; but if the wishes of every visitor could be satisfied—if merely to say, "I choose this locomotive," or, "That walking doll is for me," were sufficient to put the wisher in instant possession of the coveted object—the shelves of the stores would be stripped bare before nightfall. Such things occur only in fairy tales; but the toys displayed in the shop-windows are real enough—some of them seem to be actually alive. They are kept wound up and moving all day long; and, since it costs nothing to look as long as one likes, the poorest child in New York can enjoy, after a fashion, a greater number and variety of toys than the richest could possibly possess. Thus does philosophy assume the rôle of Santa Claus!

OLD SOLDIERS AT ARTILLERY BOWLING.

THE pleasant picture of a group of old soldiers "fighting their battles over again," with bowls in place of deadly shells, was sketched at a reunion of veterans in Williamsburgh, Brooklyn, and shows what we believe is something of a novelty in the way of games. It differs from bowling proper, or the common "ten-pins," first in having a shorter range, and chiefly in the fact that the balls are not bowled by hand at all, but shot from a cannon. This latter piece of ordnance is not a formidable affair, being of wood, with a spring in the breech to drive the projectile. It may be aimed, however, with perfect accuracy and

ten-stroke effect; and there is just enough of war-like reminiscence in it to delight the old gunners who while away a leisure hour at the sport.

GENERAL HARRISON AND THE SOUTH.

THE President-elect continues to receive many letters from people in the South expressing solicitude regarding his probable policy towards that section, and there is reason for believing that the problem is being given more consideration by General Harrison at this time than the selection of a Cabinet, or anything else relating to the new Administration. He is disposed to encourage the letter-writing, because he desires all the information bearing upon the subject that can be made useful to him. He has replied to some of the pertinent inquiries, notably one that came from Colonel J. W. Jefferson, a planter near Memphis, who commanded a Michigan regiment in the civil war. Colonel Jefferson wrote to the President-elect asking him to indicate, as far as he thought proper, his probable policy towards the South. In replying to the letter, General Harrison said: "I am glad to know that the result of the election brought satisfaction to an army comrade living in the South. I notice what you say about the situation there, and assure you that I appreciate its gravity and have the most sincere desire to be well informed both as to men and affairs in the South. I do most sincerely desire to promote the general good of our whole people, without reference to State lines, and shall be glad to have the friendly advice and co-operation of the law-abiding and conservative people in all the States."

While the letter indicates the intentions of the President-elect as plainly as he feels that it is proper for him to make them known at the present time, it is known that he has talked more freely to his intimate friends. The information comes from high authority, it may be stated for the reassurance of uneasy Southerners, that it is the determination of the President-elect to pursue a course that will convince them that, in trying to solve a very perplexing problem, which manifestly must be solved in some way, it is his purpose to be kindly and friendly. It will be his endeavor to avoid the obnoxious methods of previous Administrations, which tried to bring about the desired change, but failed. The carpet-bagger will not be made as prominent as the representative of the Administration as in previous years. A more acceptable class of men is available, and they are better prepared, by reason of superior intelligence and such force of character as commands esteem, to carry out the purposes of the Administration. In the spirit of the new South, it is now believed, will be found the means of accomplishing the devoutly desired result. The men who are developing the new South will be chosen to bring about friendlier and more intimate relations between the two sections of the country, and necessarily they will do it by changing the conditions that are now so obnoxious.

An Indianapolis correspondent of the New York Times says on this general subject: "General Harrison will not imitate General Grant by seducing prominent ex-Confederates from their Democratic fealty by appointments to office; nor Mr. Hayes by attempting to raise the ghost of the old Whig party. The elements he will seek to recognize and foster in the South is that made up of the younger, more progressive, liberal, enterprising men of both parties, who have risen to prominence since the war and are free from the narrow prejudices and radical bitterness it engendered; who are identified with the material growth of the country and interested in its industrial development. So far as the party question is concerned, it is believed to be General Harrison's judgment that President Arthur dealt with the problem of appointments to office in the South more sagaciously and successfully than any other Republican President. Arthur, in theory at least, made fitness the first and Republicanism the second qualification to office in the South. He appointed good Republicans wherever he could find them, and good Democrats where he could not. The conditions of the problem now existing make it a great deal simpler for General Harrison than it was for Mr. Arthur. The Democrats are now in office, and the Civil-service Law, which it is believed he means faithfully to obey in letter and spirit, is in full force. When Arthur had to fly in the face of party tradition by appointing Democrats to office in places where suitable Republicans could not be found, Harrison will only have to obey a law placed upon the statute-books by his own party by leaving Democrats in office. It is thought that the policy of the President-elect will be about as indicated above, that he will make his Administration in the South as thoroughly Republican as is consistent with efficiency and obedience to law, but that he will neither be precipitate nor violently partisan in his appointments; that there will be few removals except for cause, and that when any vacancies occur they will be filled with Republicans where fit and competent Republicans can be found, but otherwise by reappointments."

OLD-TIME TABLE ETIQUETTE.

THE ancient Briton has more than once been likened to, or compared with, the New Zealander, and a writer in the *American Analyst* says: "They were, perhaps, more uncivilized, and quite as ignorant, and their abstinence from the flesh of hares and poultry, and, in the northern portions of the island, from fish, bespeaks a race lacking at once industry and knowledge."

"Indeed, it is by no means certain that we do not wrong the New Zealanders by suggesting their possible inferiority to the Britons, seeing that the latter are very strongly suspected of being guilty of the most revolting cannibalism. Britons were clever enough to brew mead and ale, but wine and civilization were brought to them by their enemies, the Romans; invaders whom, for some reasons, they might have welcomed as 'our friends, the enemy.' They ate but twice a day, the last meal being the most important."

"Their seats were skins, or bundles of hay flung on the ground; the table was a low stool, around which British chiefs sat, and, even in the locality occupied by modern Belgravia, tore their food with teeth and nails, or hacked at it with a knife, as bad as anything of the sort now in common use in Guinea. In fact, they behaved generally at table in a manner that would make the modern Belgravian blush with shame for their descent."

"The Anglo-Saxons introduced four meals a day; they ate good solid joints of flesh meat, boiled, baked or broiled. It would seem that in those days cooks were not of such an illustrious guild as that which they subsequently formed. A cook among the Anglo-Saxons was valued at very

little higher than the calf he cut up into collops. He was a slave, and was as unceremoniously bequeathed in his owner's will as any piece of goods or chattels."

"At Anglo-Saxon feasts men and women sat together as they do now, which is a mark of civilization, and pronounced very refining. Turkey in Europe is the only nation that does not follow this capital example. Table-cloths were used at Anglo-Saxon feasts, and the long ends were used as napkins, hence their condition would scarcely allow of a second use. They may have been some sort of rude display upon the board, but the style of the fittings would have upset the meekest coffee-shop in the slums of Whitechapel."

"The meats were not dished up, but poked under guests' noses on spits by the attendants, who, by-the-by, were wont to kneel as they offered the succulent morsel. When the Normans came to England, they brought with them greater grandeur, but what often accompanies the same, greater restraint, formality and discomfort. Table-cloths were discarded and forks were still unknown, but their bills-of-fare showed greater variety and costliness."

"Their cookery," says a writer, "was such an improvement on that of their predecessors in the island, that Norman-French and Norman dishes flung the Saxon tongue and table into the annihilating position of vulgarity. The art was so much esteemed, that monarchs even granted estates on condition that the holder thereof should, through his cook, prepare a certain dish at stated periods and set it before the king."

"Under the Normans the celebrated boar's head became a royal dish, and its progress from the kitchen to the banquet was under the escort of a guard, and heralded by trumpeters. The crane was then what the goose is to us—highly esteemed, yet almost too coarse for refined palates. The peacock was only seen at tiptop tables, and then it appeared in all the panoply of its tail and trimmings. But with all this magnificence, the drinks were of a very undecided character, being syrupy and spicy, or only cider, ale and mead. For the first two centuries after the Norman conquest, cooks and kings improved in their styles of eating and drinking. Richard I. entertained over 10,000 guests daily at his numerous tables, and the Earl of Leicester is said to have spent 22,000 pounds of silver in one year for eating. 'His household retainers drank no less than 371 pipes of wine in the same space of time.'"

ORIGIN OF VISITING-CARDS.

THE *Toronto Times* says: "As is the case in many other instances, we owe the invention of cards to the Chinese. So long ago as the period of the Tong dynasty (618-907), visiting-cards were known to be in common use in China, and that is also the date of the introduction of the 'red silken cords' which figure so conspicuously on the engagement-cards of that country. From very ancient times to the present day the Chinese have observed the strictest ceremony with regard to the paying of visits. The cards which they use for this purpose are large, and usually of a bright, red color. When a Chinaman desires to marry, his parents intimate that fact to the professional 'match-maker,' who thereupon runs through the list of her visiting acquaintances, and selects one whom she considers a fitting bride for the young man; and then she calls upon the young woman's parents, armed with the bridegroom's card, on which are inscribed his ancestral name and the eight symbols which denote the date of his birth. Should the answer be an acceptance of his suit the bride's card is sent in return; and should the oracles prophesy good concerning the union, the particulars of the engagement are written on two large cards, and these are tied together with the red cords."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

IF water containing lead is passed through a filter of phosphate of lime, the lead is completely removed as an insoluble phosphate. A filter of animal charcoal can be used advantageously for this purpose, since it consists largely of calcium phosphate.

THE *Journal de la Chambre de Commerce de Constantinople* states that a method of solidifying petroleum has recently been discovered. A small quantity of soap being added, the mixture is heated. When the mixture is allowed to cool, the product can be cut into small cubes like those of compressed charcoal. Thus petroleum can be used as a combustible, it being now easy to transport and manipulate.

THE question of a permanent foundation for large buildings has never been satisfactorily settled. The *American Architect* says the latest experiment tried in Chicago is to cover—before commencing the footings—the entire area of the excavation of the building with a thick stratum of concrete, laid directly upon the top of the clay hard-pan. The depth of this course is nearly two feet, and its object is to so strengthen the clay that the settlement may be reduced to a minimum.

A NOVEL method of locating a leak in a water-main was employed recently at Rochester, N. Y., with entire success. The break in the main was known to be between the banks of the river. A solution of bi-permanganate of potash was introduced at a hydrant on the side of the river nearest the reservoir, and observers were stationed on the river along the line of the main. A deep reddish purple discoloration of river-water at one point soon made the exact location of the leak apparent.

THE Lick Observatory, with its famous telescope, has stimulated the ambition of other astronomers to have something even better. Southern California is not to be outdone by Northern California. The university at the lower end of the State is now looking around for some one to construct a lens of 42 inches. They are prepared to pay \$100,000, and want the moon brought within sixty miles; that is, they want an instrument of such magnifying power that the moon will appear as it would to the naked eye if but sixty miles from us.

FRENCH duels are almost always bloodless affairs, but occasionally a duelist is accidentally pricked with a sword or winged with an unskillfully aimed bullet. To obviate even this small degree of danger, a Frenchman proposes that swords be dipped in phenic acid, when the wound is much easier to cure and the blade a healthful thing for persons whose physicians have recommended iron. For pistol-dueling he suggests that the bullets be pills possessing curative qualities which, while slightly wounding the duelist, perhaps, will give tone and vigor to his general health.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Vermont Legislature passed 340 Acts at its late biennial session.

Or the 101 counties of Kansas, the Republicans carried 100, at the recent election.

THE second annual convention of the Republican National League will be held in Baltimore in January.

THE fund for the defense of Mr. Parnell and his associates in meeting the charges of the *Times* now amounts to \$100,000.

THE Italian Senate has rejected, by a vote of 75 to 28, a proposal to give illiterate persons the right to vote at elections for local administrative officials.

THE New York Court of Appeals has rendered a decision restoring all the rights of the original bondholders and stockholders of the Broadway Surface Railway.

THE Commissioner of Internal Revenue reports the total receipts for the fiscal year to be \$124,326,475, an increase of \$5,489,174 over the receipts of the previous year.

THE Postmaster-general's estimate for the appropriation for his department for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1890, is \$66,812,073, this being \$5,591,839 in excess of the current year.

THE Inman Line steamer *City of New York* made her last trip from Sandy Hook to Queens-town in six days and twenty hours, despite a heavy sea and opposing winds. The time to Fastnet Light was six days and seventeen hours.

A new labor organization is forming. It is to be non-partisan, and "composed of intelligent workmen for the practical discussion of economic questions, and to take such action as will be for the best interests of American workmen."

PENNSYLVANIA'S troops will predominate in the next inauguration-day parade at Washington, as they did in the last. It is said that 7,000 Pennsylvanians will be in line. Governor Beaver has been tendered the post of Grand Marshal.

A MILAN paper announces that the Pope, whose predilection for journalism is well known, is about to start a large popular penny paper for the people, with sound Roman Catholic views, and many leading articles of which will be written at the Vatican.

THE Federal courts in Utah are still enforcing the anti-polygamy laws. The criminal calendar for the November term of court in the First District of the Territory contains fifty-nine cases in which the defendants are held for violation of the Edmunds Act.

THE Keely Motor Company is to be reorganized, with a capital of \$5,000,000. Keely, with his share of the stock, is to redeem outstanding certificates issued by him on account of advances made by friends towards the development of what he claims to be a new force.

A STATEMENT prepared at the Pension Bureau shows that of the 15,000 estimated cases under the Act of June 7th, 1888, allowing widows arrears of pension from the date of the husband's death, 14,502 have already been allowed and settled without expense to the Government.

IN the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, last week, Judge Merriek rendered a decision declaring constitutional the law providing that children born of slave parents, but who were not united according to the existing laws of marriage, are legitimate, and can inherit property.

ALL the coal mines in the Monongahela Valley have been closed for an indefinite period, and over 6,000 miners and hundreds of river-men will be without employment, and they and their families, numbering altogether probably not less than 20,000 to 25,000 souls, will be without means of support.

IN the trial of one John Hronek, in Chicago, for plotting to kill three prominent men of that city, it was testified, last week, by a fellow-conspirator, that Hronek proposed to throw a bomb at President Cleveland on the occasion of his visit to that city, but was dissuaded by some of his associates.

"THE SPELLBINDERS," as the Republican campaign speakers have decided to call themselves, have formed themselves into an organization to be known as the Republican National Spellbinders' Association, with Chauncey M. Depew as President. The organization will have for its main object the furtherance of Republican principles.

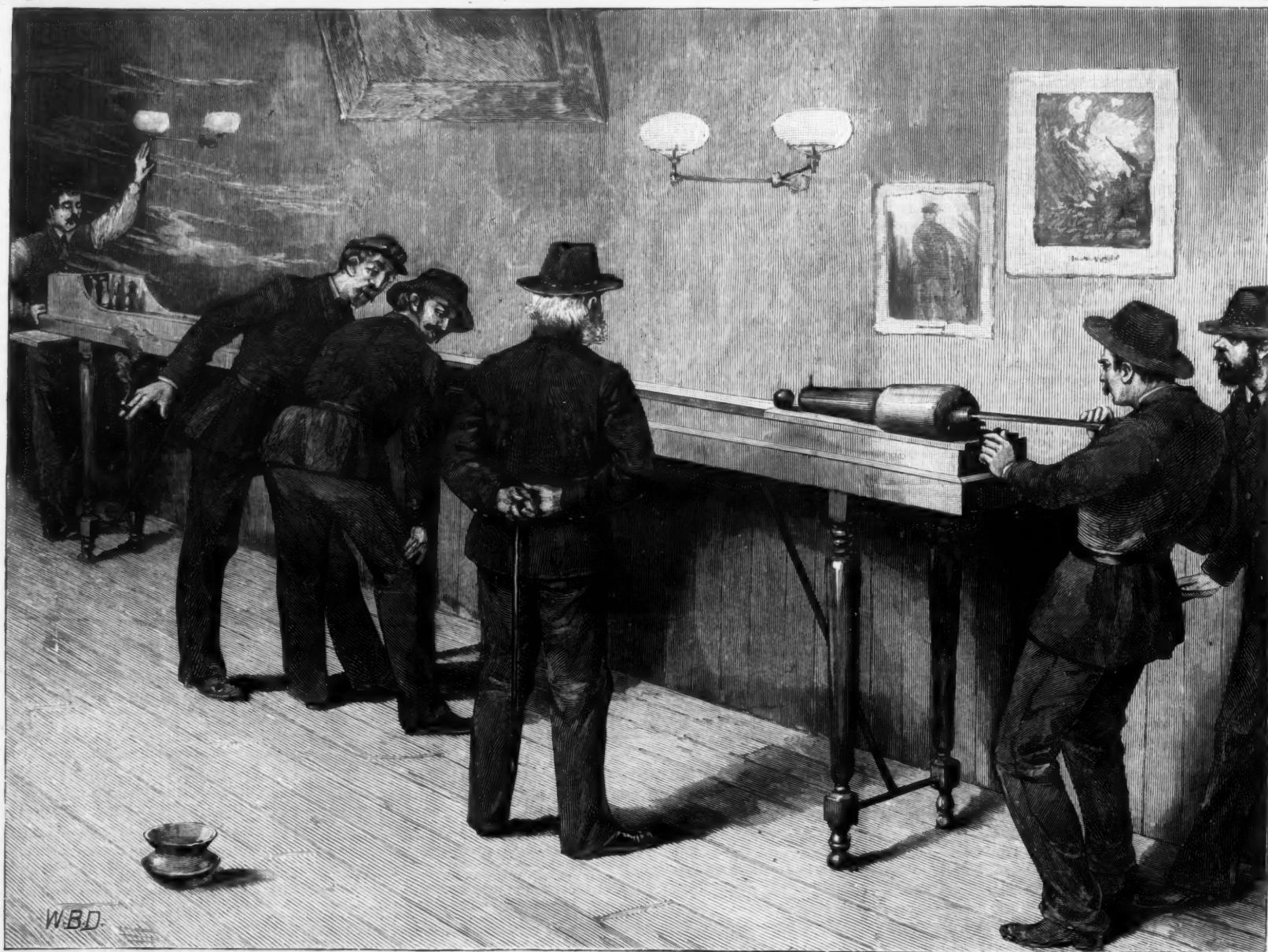
THE first railway in China has been officially opened. Viceroy Li Hung Chang traveled over it some distance. Eighty-one miles have been completed—from Tien Tsen to Lutai and Tong Shang—with five miles of sidings and branches. The line will be continued to Peking in one direction, and in time to Southern and Northwestern China.

A SPLIT in the Grand Army of the Republic is imminent. Democratic members of the Order in Indiana and elsewhere propose to withdraw and form a new organization. The movement apparently grows out of the circumstance that in the late election the influence of the Grand Army was generally thrown in favor of General Harrison and other Republican candidates.

THE United States cruiser *Boston*, which was sent to Hayti to investigate the seizure of the *Haytian Republic*, was obliged to return in short order, on account of yellow fever. She arrived in New York on November 24th, having buried two of her crew and two marines at sea, and with three serious cases on board. The vessel was immediately quarantined in the Lower Bay, where the surgeon subsequently died.

IT now looks as if a Republican majority in the next House of Representatives is assured. Certificates have been given to the Republican candidates in the Third Tennessee and Fourth Maryland Districts, where the Democrats claimed to be elected. In West Virginia the recounts have not yet been concluded, but one Republican Representative from that State is sure, and that party will have the House even if the other three members from that State should be Democrats.

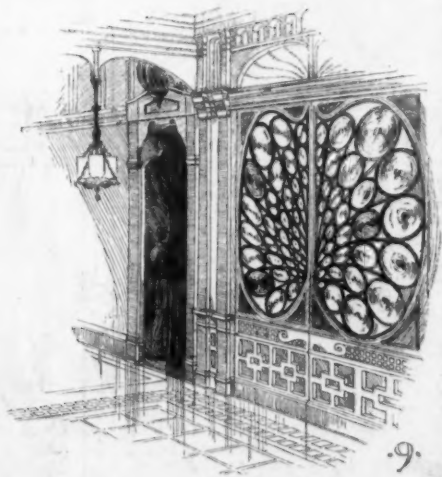
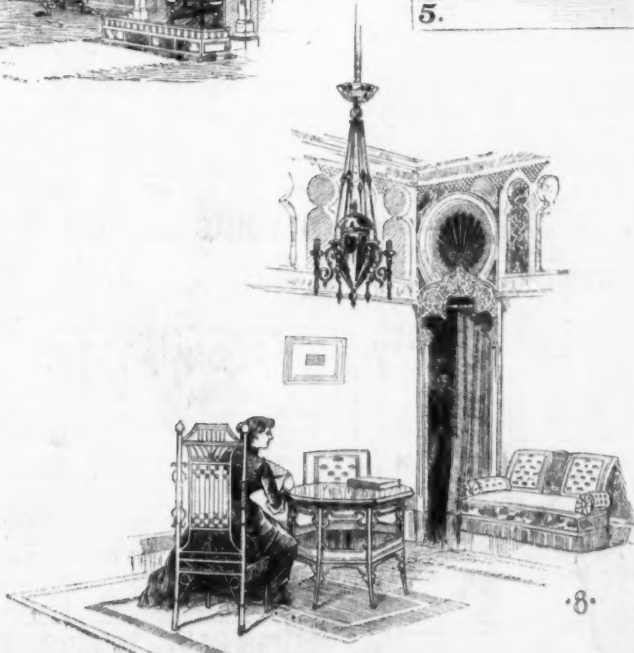
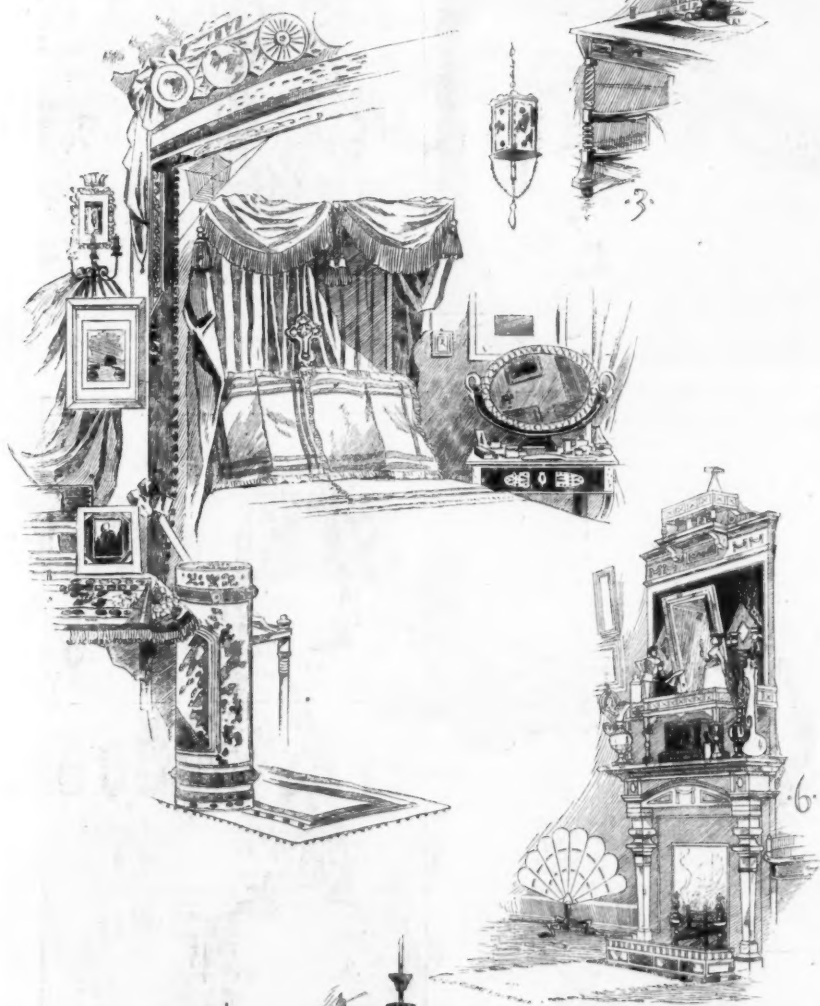
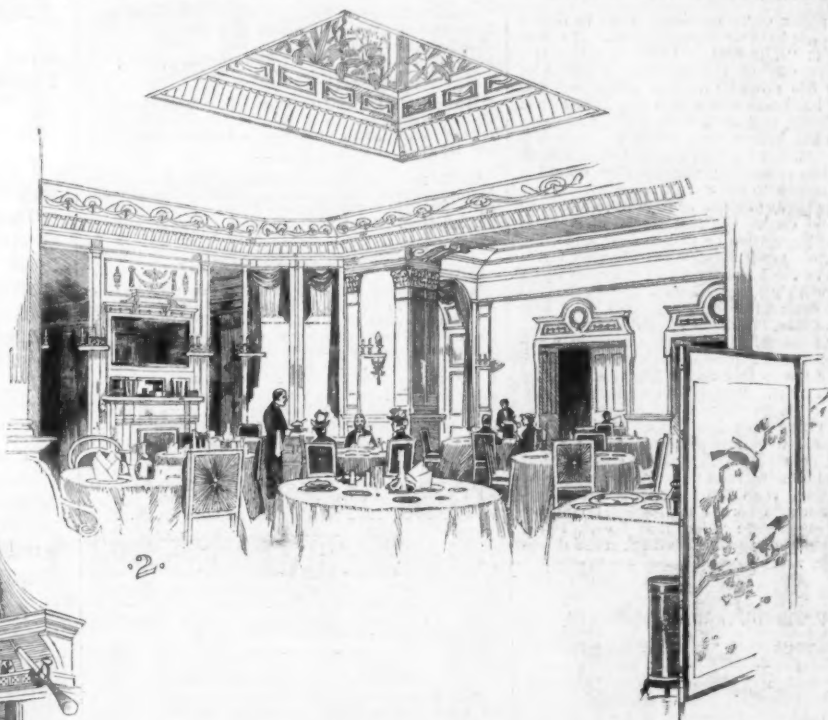
THE British House of Commons, last week, adopted a new clause in the Irish Land-purchase Bill that goes far to cure the worst defect of the measure. Mr. Healy proposed, and the Government accepted, a proviso that after the date when a purchase shall have been sanctioned the tenant shall be exempt from all liability for existing arrears. This leaves the general question of arrears unsettled, however, but the Government is pledged to deal with it. The Bill passed the Commons by a vote of 202 to 141.



NEW YORK.—VETERANS "FIGHTING THEIR BATTLES OVER AGAIN."—AN EVENING SCENE AT A GRAND ARMY POST HEADQUARTERS IN BROOKLYN.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 271.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE POOR CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY TREAT.—A TOY-STORE WINDOW IN BROADWAY.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 271.



1. A CORNER IN ONE OF THE SALONS. 2. THE PRINCIPAL DINING-HALL. 3. A PICTURESQUE BIT IN MR. CLARENCE ANDREWS'S SMOKING-ROOM. 4. A BED-CHAMBER. 5. "THE GERLACH." 6. THE "FAMILY HEARTH" IN MRS. GERLACH'S APARTMENT. 7. FIRE-PLACE IN THE MAIN HALL. 8. A RECEPTION-ROOM CORNER. 9. THE BULL'S-EYE DOORS.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE EVOLUTION OF THE APARTMENT HOUSE—"THE GERLACH," WEST TWENTY-SEVENTH STREET.

SEE PAGE 265.

GENERAL HARRISON WON'T TALK.

The newspaper correspondents seem to find it difficult to make General Harrison talk. A recent dispatch says: "The visit of these special correspondents are one of the amusing features of Indianapolis life nowadays. The exuberant and exhilarating briskeness with which they take a turn about the hotels, and chat with plain, every-day newspaper men before they stroll up Delaware Street for their talk with the President-elect is only equalled by the exceeding anxiety they manifest upon their return to get out of town before any of those same plain newspaper men have a chance to resume the chat. General Harrison laughed when he heard recently of a new arrival, and said: 'The newspapers are inconsistent. They are praising Mr. Quay in the highest terms for his ability to keep his mouth shut, and they seem to expect me to keep mine open all the time. I don't know how it is with Mr. Quay, but silence is natural with me. I never was talkative. I always try to avoid making a noise until I am driven into a corner. It is very hard for me to talk unless I have something to accomplish by it. I suppose one reason more is expected of me in the way of talk is because I made so many speeches before the election. The newspapers were not prepared to have me stop talking so suddenly.' 'Yes, general, but there are a good many men who are more worried over your silence than the newspapers are,' suggested a listener, whereat the general laughed quietly and remarked: 'That may be so, but I may talk in a manner to please them some day—some of them, at any rate.'"

HALF RATES TO WASHINGTON,

FOR THE INAUGURATION, VIA THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The inauguration of President-elect Harrison promises to be the most largely attended as well as the most interesting occasion of the kind ever held in the National Capital. Political clubs and civic organizations from a majority of the States, as well as the militia of all the neighboring States, will take part in the inaugural parade, while a vast throng of visitors from all parts of the country will swell the assemblage. The Inaugural Ball will be the finest ever given in honor of a new President. To accommodate the host of visitors, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will arrange a complete service of through trains to Washington. Besides the special movements, all regular trains will be run in as many sections as the demands of travel require, so that one may leave New York or Philadelphia at any time on the day previous to the inauguration, or on the very day, and arrive in Washington without delay. The handsome and commodious station of the Company is situated in the very heart of the city, on Pennsylvania Avenue, on the very line of the inaugural procession, and within a minute's walk of the principal hotels and public buildings. The rates of fare have been fixed at the exceedingly low figure of a single fare for the round trip, which is \$6.50 from New York; \$6.50 from Newark; \$6.15 from Elizabeth; \$5.55 from New Brunswick; \$4.80 from Trenton; \$4.00 from Philadelphia; and proportionately low from other points. The tickets will be sold March 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th, valid for return passage until March 7th. At the last inauguration this Company handled over 100,000 passengers in forty-eight hours, without an accident or delay, and its preparations for the coming event will enable it to more than duplicate its former success.

FUN.

"I 'STUMPED' all through the late campaign," said the one-legged man. "And I," said the one-armed politician, "made a few 'off-hand' speeches."—*Northtown Herald.*

For rheumatism and neuralgia use SALVATION OIL, the greatest cure on earth for pain. It doesn't take gold. A quarter of a dollar will buy a bottle of Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP.

Miss PLACIDA SIMPHERY (alarmed)—"Mercy on me! Why, what is that dreadful noise up-stairs?" *Prison Official*—"Don't be alarmed, madam! It's only the murderer you are bringing the flowers to—kicking a little because his porterhouse steak and eggs are not ready."—*Puck.*

WINTER EXCURSION TICKETS

TO THOMASVILLE, GA., ASHEVILLE AND HOT SPRINGS, N. C., VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

In the interest of Southern travelers the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has placed on sale, at all of its principal ticket-offices, regular Winter excursion tickets to Thomasville, Ga., Asheville and Hot Springs, N. C. These tickets are valid for return passage until May 31st, 1889, and are to be used for the south-bound trip within fifteen days from date of purchase, as stamped on the back. Stop-over may be made at any point named on the ticket.

The universally acknowledged healthfulness of these resorts, their fine Winter climate, and the excellent facilities of transportation offered by the Pennsylvania Railroad and its Southern connections, will attract a large number of visitors in search of health or pleasure to the Georgia pines and the mountains of the Old North State.

THE GOLDEN GATE SPECIAL.

The Union and Central Pacific roads, and Pullman Company, put on, December 5, a weekly train of Pullman Vestibule Cars to run between Council Bluffs and San Francisco. Steam heat, electric light, separate bath-rooms for ladies and gentlemen, barber-shop, observation and smoking rooms, and a female attendant for ladies and children, make it "The finest train in the World."

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Boston, publish two thousand illustrated books and four magazines for the family. They mail a beautiful illustrated Book Bulletin on application to any address.

TEACHERS' TOUR TO WASHINGTON

VIA THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The holiday tour to Washington for the teachers of New York and Brooklyn, arranged by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, offers the most attractive mode of spending Christmas. It will leave New York by special train at 11:00 A. M., December 26th. Round-trip tickets, including railway transportation in both directions, meals en route, and hotel accommodations in Washington, will be sold from Brooklyn, New York, Newark, New Brunswick and Trenton at \$12.00. The tickets will be good for return passage only by special train leaving Washington on December 28th. Detailed information will be given later.

IN 1850

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, and from that time their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled. Sold only in boxes.—[Adv.]

Burnett's Cocaine is the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a healthy growth of the Hair.

C. C. SHAYNE, Manufacturer of Sealskin Garments, newest styles, and all leading fashionable furs, 103 Prince Street, New York. Fashion Book mailed free. Send your address.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

No living writer has so many readers as Mrs. G. R. Aiden, known as "Pansy," author of the celebrated Pansy books and editor of the Popular Magazine for young people, THE PANSY. \$1.00 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, will send a sample copy on receipt of 5 cents.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.

NO CHRISTMAS TABLE

Should be without a bottle of ANGSTURIA BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer, of exquisite flavor.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Fever-sores, Hip-Joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Goitre or Thick Neck, and Eating Sores or Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties, if taken in time. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh in the Head, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs. For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them. E. GRILLON, 27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.

Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 333, 161.

For Sale by all Stationers.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,

Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.



Apply for Descriptive Catalogue, sent post-free, to F. A. D. RICHTER & CO., 310 Broadway, New York.

\$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 50 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BROWNSON, Detroit, Mich.

PLAYS Dialogues, Tableaux, Sketches, for School, Club & Parlor. Best cost. Under 1000 free. T. S. DUNNISON, Chicago, Ill.

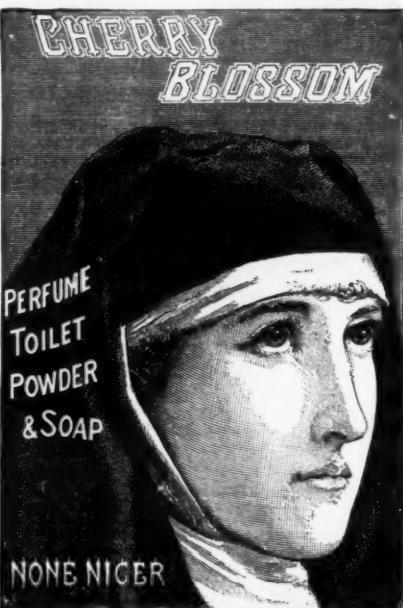
What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks. Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE, SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

CUBAN CIGARS. 3 inch "Cadet," \$10 per 1,000. Sample box by mail, 30c. Agents wanted. J. M. AGUIERO, 246 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.



CURE SICK HEADACHE and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

ACHE they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

GUNS Our price list sent free. THE DOMESTIC MFG CO., WALLINGFORD, CONN.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE and MARGARET SIDNEY write serials for WIDE AWAKE, volume beginning next month (a good \$3.00 magazine only \$2.40 a year). D. Lothrop Company, Boston, will send a sample copy on receipt of 5 cents.

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—FOR—
YOUNG PEOPLE.

Boys Book of Indoor Games and Recreations. Edited by G. A. HUTCHISON. 700 Illustrations. Small 4to, cloth, \$1.75.

It is especially a boy's book, calculated to afford both pleasure and profit.

The Girls Own Indoor Book.

Edited by CHARLES PETERS, with over 150 Illustrations. 4to, cloth, \$1.75.

Containing practical helps to girls on all matters relating to their material comfort and moral well-being.

Prince Little Boy and other Tales out of FAIRYLAND. By S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D.

Illustrated by F. S. Church and H. Siddons Mowbray. 4to, cloth extra, \$1.50.

Ida Waugh's Alphabet Book.

"For little ones who, if they look, Will find their letters in this book."

Verses by AMY E. BLANCHARD. Attractively illustrated, and printed in two colors, on heavy plate paper. Large 4to, 9x11 inches. Bound in illuminated cover, \$1.00.

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THE "CAMARGO" CORSET

—THE—
Finest and Most Perfect-Fitting Corset Imported (IN ALL COLORS).

The qualities range from medium to the very highest, prices advancing according with the style and finish. The shape in all qualities is faultless.

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BABYLAND makes a happy land. Fifty cents a year. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, will send a sample copy on receipt of 5 cents.

STEINWAY

The Standard Pianos of the World!

The Largest Establishment in Existence.

Warerooms: Steinway Hall, New York.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

100 CIGARS FREE.

EXTRA HOLIDAY OFFER. To rapidly introduce our new "Pansy Queen" cigar. We will, if ordered at once, deliver 100 of them, 2 boxes of 50 cigars each FREE to any Post or Express office in the U. S. Also one year's subscription postpaid to *Texas Sittings* upon receipt of four dollars the yearly rate for that popular illustrated 16 page journal. Write name and postoffice address plainly. Remit by registered mail or postal note and address at once R. W. TANSILL & CO., 55 State St., Chicago.

HUSBAND WANT'D. I am 37 yrs old, thin-looking, good, affectionate man. On my wedding day I will give my husband \$10,000, and 1 year later, if we are still living together, I will give him \$20,000, and \$20,000 in real estate, etc. \$25 Send Two cents (silver) for large paper printed, the above advertisement (complete) 1 Page for 50c. ad'ce. CLIMAX PUBLISHING CO., 24-D, CHICAGO.

Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Christmas Plays, Christmas Recitations & Readings Christmas Dialogues, Charades and Pantomimes Catalogues free. The De Witt Pub. House, 33 Rose St., N. Y.

Every Household

Should have Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It saves thousands of lives annually, and is peculiarly efficacious in Croup, Whooping Cough, and Sore Throat.

"After an extensive practice of nearly one-third of a century, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is my cure for recent colds and coughs. I prescribe it, and believe it to be the very best expectorant now offered to the people."—Dr. John C. Lewis, Druggist, West Bridgewater, Pa.

"Some years ago Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of asthma after the best medical skill had failed to give me relief. A few weeks since, being again a little troubled with the disease, I was promptly

Relieved By

the same remedy. I gladly offer this testimony for the benefit of all similarly afflicted."—F. H. Hassler, Editor *Argus*, Table Rock, Nebr.

"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of whooping cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1251 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved remarkably effective in croup and is invaluable as a family medicine."—D. M. Bryant, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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The connecting link of Pullman travel between Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville and Florida Resorts. Send for a Florida Guide.
E. O. McCORMICK, G. P. A., Chicago.

M. CRANE,
Electrotyper and Stereotyper,
17, 19 and 21 COLLEGE PLACE, New York.

UNIVERSITY ORGANS.

They Lead the World.—\$45 to \$500. Sold Direct to Families. No Middlemen. Solid Walnut 5 Octaves Double Complex. Guaranteed for Six Years and sent with \$350.00. OWN HOME BEFORE YOU BUY. ESTABLISHED 1859. MARCHAL & SMITH, 255 East 121st Street, New York.

FREE

THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE, PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

GOLD WATCHES. 100 GIVEN AWAY.

To introduce our new goods and Catalogues at once we make this grand offer. We will give the person telling us the longest verse in the Bible (book and chapter) before January 1st, 1889, a solid gold watch Hunting Case Stem Winder, worth \$75. If there is more than one correct answer we will give the second a solid gold watch worth \$60, the third a solid gold watch worth \$50, the fourth a solid gold watch worth \$40, the fifth a solid gold watch worth \$30. Each of the next 20 if there are that many correct answers a very handsome hunting case new style shell pattern gold finished Watch valued at \$20, each, each of the next 75 persons will receive a beautiful gold plated watch worth \$10 each. With your answer send 30 cents for what we shall send you a sample lot of our new holiday goods, as follows: 10 pieces full size 1 sheet music, 100 new designs in fancy work, 250 new mottoes and verses for albums, cards and valentines, 75 new tricks in magic, 25 choice home-canned, 60 puzzles and rebuses, the great \$500 prize Chinese Block, 200 funny pictures, 25 artistic letters for fancy work, 25 life like pictures of Presidents, Poets, Statesmen, etc. The great game of Fortune. The seventh book of Moses. The seven wonders of the world. All the different directions. The game of Fox and Geese, the game of Nine Penny Morris, the Deaf and Dumb alphabet, the fortune telling tablet. Remember, we send you securely packed and post-paid all the above goods. Money refunded if not more than satisfactory. Mention this paper. Enclose 30 cents. Address **KIRTLAND BROS. & CO.**, P. O. Box 2340. No. 79 Nassau St., N. Y.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS! Elegant Designs!

50 cards all different kinds, for 12c. **GIANT** Self-inker Printing Press \$5. Sample Catalogue & Catalogue, Sec. W. C. EVANS, 50 N. 9th St., Philadelphia.

Look HERE, FRIEND. Are you Sick?

Do you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is there a sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach, sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy?

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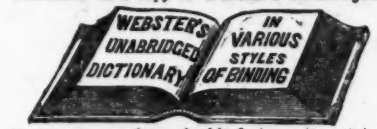
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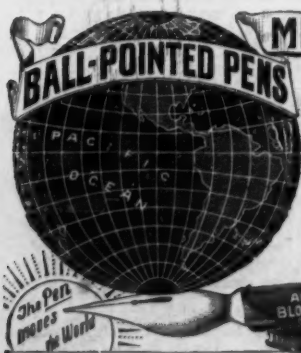
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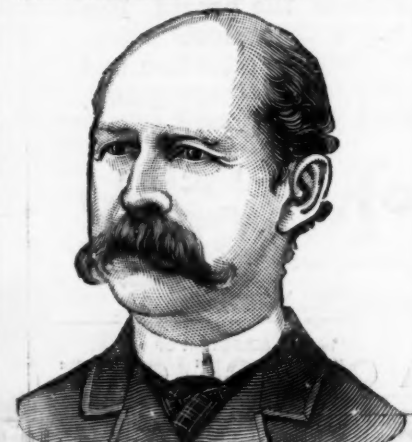
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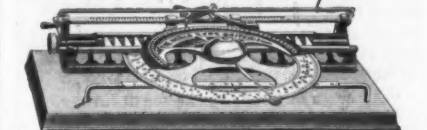
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A metal was discovered in Germany in February, 1888, which we are now introducing in this country for the first time. It is called GERMAN GOLD, and while it is not gold, it takes its name from its perfect resemblance to pure gold and the place of its discovery.

Our GERMAN GOLD cases contain a percentage of pure gold, without which no metal can be made that will keep its color. Life-long experiments have disclosed the fact that a certain percentage of gold used in conjunction with several other metals will produce a metal equal in appearance and durability to PURE GOLD, though not of the same intrinsic value.

These cases so closely resemble gold, both in density and color, that the most skillful jewelers cannot detect the difference. They retain their brilliancy as long as gold.

These cases are of the latest patterns. No jewelry, however high in price, surpasses this in beauty, workmanship, or in any respect except the value. It equals that of gold, which costs nearly ten times as much. The discovery of this compound was characterized by all the leading jewelers, as well as ourselves, as being invaluable, for it is of vastly greater importance.

We send none out but these which have been tested by our workmen for a considerable length of time. No watch is allowed to leave this establishment, no matter how pressing the order may be, until it has been thoroughly overhauled, regulated and made to correspond with the standard time-keeper. Therefore, those who purchase of us have every right to expect a first-class time-keeper for their money; and they may depend upon it that we will make every exertion to meet their anticipation.

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Beautiful and well-finished chains of the same metal at \$1, \$2, \$3 and \$4 each. Chains are sold at half-price when ordered with the watches or by the half-dozen.

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READ, DECIDE AND ACT.—In order to get our German gold watches introduced throughout the country, we will make the following offer to all who contemplate taking an agency. We will forward one of our watches as a sample, with a splendid chain, German Gold, for \$5.98, the actual cost of the watch and chain, which is \$4.07 less than the retail price and \$4.07 less than we ever offered a sample one before. We do this for the reason that it allows the regular jewelers margin for profit (50 per cent.) to those who act as our agents, that we will know if a person buys one we will be sure to send him half a dozen or a dozen the next time, as we have never known it to fail.

If you will or cause the sale of six of these watches, we will send you one free.

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LOUIS XIV. BOX JOINT HUNTING CASE.

SAMPLE WATCH FREE.

ance than the discovery of German Silver, because of its additional value and it can be used for so many more important purposes and for the reason that millions of dollars' worth of gold was annually worked into jewelry and watch cases, thereby taking it in circulation that immense amount of money which keeps the European and American money markets cramped for coin. The importance of the discovery of this compound for gold can be seen at a glance by all educated people, as it will in every case answer the purpose of VIRGIN GOLD, except for the coining of money. For that of course it will not answer, for the reason that virgin gold is the basis of all values, and this being a composition has no standard value, or we could not afford to encase the movements of the watch with this gold metal and sell the watches complete for that price, as the works are the same as in regular gold case. The works of these watches, like the works of all our watches, are of the very finest genuine imported movements made, every piece is carefully regulated and adjusted with finest escapement and chronometer balance, quick train, richly jeweled, well finished, and the watch taken altogether, presents the same appearance as a gold watch worth \$200.00. No other house in the world offers good watches at so low a price; moreover, all our watches are good time-keepers.

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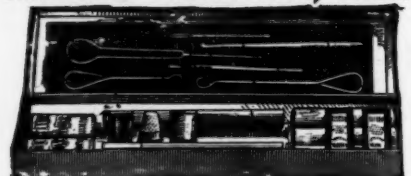


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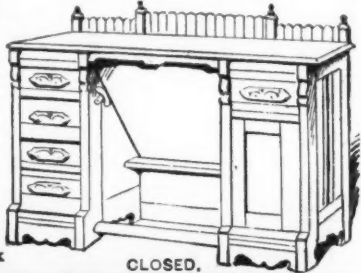
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